

T H E
Apologie of Pierce
Pennileffe:

O R
Strange Newes, Of the intercepting
certaine Letters, and a Conuoy of Verses, as they were
going *Prinlis* to victuall the Lowe
Countrie.

Vnda impellitur vnda

*Robert Robert
Parker*

By *Tho. Nashe* Gentleman



Printed at London by *Iohn Dancer*, dwelling in *Holles*
Lane neere *Holburne Conduit*.

1594

To the most copious *Gentleman of our times*
persecutor of *Priscian*, his very friend Maister *Apis Lavin*: *The Nasbe*
witheth new strings to his old tawny Purse, and all honorable
increase of acquaintance in the Cellar.



Gentle M. *William*, that learned writer *Rhensh Swine and Sugar*, in the first booke of his Comment vpon *Red-noses* hath this saying: *veterem ferendo inturiam iuniora novam*, which is as much in english, as one Cuppe of nipitaty puls on another. In moyst consideration whereof, as also in zealous regard of that high countenance you thew vnto Schollers, I am bold in stead of new wine, to carowle to you a cuppe of newes: which if your worship (according to your wonted *Chaucerisme*) shall accept in good part, lie be your daily O-rator to pray that, that pure sanguine complexion of yours may neuer be fa-miight with pot-lucke, that you may tast till your last gaspe, and lue to see the confusion of both your speciall enemies, Small Beere and Grammer Rules.

It is not vnkowne to report, what a famous pottle-pot Patron you haue beene to olde Poets in your daies, and howe many pounds you haue spent (and as it were throwne into the fire) vpon the burst of *wise-dome*, called *Mecumie*: Yea, you are such an infinite *Mecenas* to learned men, that there is not that morsell of meate they can carue you, but you will eate for their sakes and accept very thankfully. Thinke not though vnder correction of your boone companionship, I am disposed to be a little pleasant, I condemne you of any immoderation either in eating or drinking, for I knowe your go-attainment and carriage to be euery way Canonically. Verily, verily, all poore Schollers acknowledge you as their patron, prouiditor, and supporter, for there cannot a threed-bare Cloake sooner peepe forth, but you strait presse it to be an outbrother of your bounty, three decayed Students you kept attending vpon you a long time.

Shall I presume to dilate of the grauity of your round cap and your dud-gion dagger? It is thought they will make you be calld vpon shortly to bee Alderman of the Stilliard. And thats well remembered, I heard say when this last Terme was remooued to Hartford, you fell into a great study and care by your selfe, to what place the Stilliard should be remooued: I promise you truely it was a deepe meditation, and such as might well haue seemed Eldertons Parliament of noses to haue sit vpon.

A *Tauerne* in London, onely vpon the motion mourned all in blacke, and forbore to girt her temples with iuie, because the grandam of good fellow-ship was like to depart from among them. And I wonder very much, that you *Dampsond* not your selfe into a consumption with the profound cogitation of it.

Diu uiuas in amore iocisque, whatsoeuer you doe, beware of keeping dyet. Sloth is a sinne, and one sinne (as one poyson) must be expelled with another. What can he doe better that hath nothing to doe, than fall a drinking to keepe him from idlenes?

Fah, me thinks my yeasts begin already to smell of the Cask, with talking so much of this liquid prouinder.

In earnest thus: There is a *Doctor*, and his *part*, that haue kept a foule stinking stirre in *Paules Churchyard*: I cry him mercie I laundred him, he is scarce a Doctor till he hath done his Acts: this dodipoule, this didopper, this professed poetical braggart, hath raild vpon mee without wit or art, in certaine foure penny-worth of Letters, and three farthing-worth of Sonnets; now do I meane to present him and *Shakerley* to the *Queenes* foole

taker for Coatch-horses : for two that draw more equally in one Oratoriall yoke of vaine-glory there is not vnder heauen.

What say you Maister *Spis Lapis* , will you with your eloquence and credit shield me from Carpers? Haue you any odde shreds of Latine to make this lettermunger a Cockescombe off?

It stands you in hand to arme your selfe against him, for he speaks against Conny-catchers, and you are a Connycatcher, as Connycatching is diuided into three parts, the *Werser*, the *Setter*, and the *Barnacle*.

A *Setter*, I am sure you are not, for you are no Musitian : nor a *Barnacle*, for you neuer were of the order of the Barnardines: but the *Werser*, I cannot acquite you of, for M. *Waux* of Lambeth brings in sore euidence of a breakfast you wonne of him one morning at an vnlawfull game called riming. What lies not in you to amend play the *Doctor* and defend.

A fellow that I am to talke with by and by, beeing told that his Father was a Rope-maker, excused the matter after this sort: *And hath neuer saint had Reprobate to his father?* They are his owne wordes hee cannot goe from them . You see heere hee makes a *Reprobate* and a *Ropemaker*, *voces conuertibiles*. Go too, take example by him to wash out dirt with ink, & runne vp to the knees in the Channell, if you bee once wetshod. You are amongst graue Doctors , and men of iudgement in both Lawes euery day. I pray aske them the question in my absence , whether such a man as I haue describde this *Epistler* to be, one that hath a good handsome pickerdeuant, and a pretty leg to study the Ciuill Law with, that hath made many proper rimes of the old Cutte in his daies, and deserued infinitely of the state by extolling himselfe and his two brothers in euery booke he writes : whether (I say) such a famous pillar of the Presse, now in the fourteenth or fiftenth yeare of the raigne of his Rhetoricke , giuing money to haue this his illiterate Pamphlet of Letters printed (whereas others haue money giuen them to suffer the gale to come in Print) it is not to bee counted as flat simony, and be liable to one and the same penalty.

I tell you, I meane to rounce him after twenty in the hundred, and haue about with him with two stauces and a pike for this geare.

If he get any thing by the bargaine, let whatsoeuer I write henceforward be condemned to wrappe bumbast in.

Cavies to me good lucke, for I am resolutely bent, the best bloud of the brotherhood shall pledge me in vinegar. O would thou hadst a quaffing bowle, which the *Gawens* scull should containe a peeke, that thou mightst swap off a harty draught to the successe of this voyage.

As whatsoeuer thy visage holdeth most pretious I beseech thee, by *John Dangers* soule, and the blew Bore in the Spittle I conuie thee, to draw out the pike, and giue me nothing for the Dedication of my Pamphlet.

Thou art a good fellow I know, and hadst rather spend icasts than money. Let it be the taske of thy best tearmies, to safecondukt this booke through the enemies country .

Proceede to cherish thy surpassing carminicall art of memory with full cuppes (as thou dost) let *Chaucer* bee newe scourd against the day of battaile, and *Terence* come but in now and then with the snuffe of a sentence: and *Dactylus puer*, Weele strike it as dead as a doore naile : *Hand tenantijs estimo*. We haue cats meat and dogges meat inough for these mungrels . Howeuer I write merrily, I loue and admire thy pleasant witty humor, which no care or crosse can make vnconuersable. Still bee constant to thy content, loue poetry, hate pedantisme, *Vade vale, caue ne tibus mandata que frangas*.

Thine iacirely, *The Natche*.



To the Gentlemen.

Readers,



Entlemen, the strong faith you haue conceiu'd, that I would do works of supererrogation in answering the Doctor, hath made mee to breake my daye with other important busines I had, and stand dartering of quils a while like the Porpentine.

I know there want not welwillers to my disgrace, who say my onely Muse is contention; and other, that with *Tiberius Casar* pretending to see in the darke, talke of strange obiectes by them discovered in the night, when in truth they are nothing else but the glimmering of their eyes.

I will not holde the candle to the Deuill, vnmaske my holyday Muse to enuie; but if any such deepe insighted detracter will challenge mee to whatloeuier quiet aduenture of Art wherein he thinkes mee least conuersant, hee shall finde that I am *Tam Mercurio quam Marti*, a Scholler in some thing els but contention.

If idle wittes will needes tye knottes on smooth bulrushes with their tongues, faith the worlde might thinke I had little to attend, if I should goe about to vnloose them with my penne.

To the Reader :

I cannot tell how it comes to passe but in these ill eide daies of ours, euery man delights with *Ixion* to beget children of clouds, digge for Pearles in dung-hills, and wrestle toyle out of iron.

Poore *Pierres Pennilesse*, haue they turnd to a con- iering booke, for there is not that line in it, with which they doo not seeke to raise vp a Ghost, and like the hog that conuertes the sixth part of his meate into bristels, so haue they ^{ow} conuerted sixe parts of my booke into bitternes.

Arsotus in a Comuедie of his, wittily complaineth that vpstart Commenters, with their Annotati- ons and gloses, had extorted that sense and Morall out of *Petrarch*, which if *Petrarch* were alieue a hun- dred Strappadoes might not make him confesse or subscribe too; So may I complaine that rash heads, vpstart Interpreters, haue extorted & rakte that vn- reuerent meaning out of my lines, which a thousand deaths cannot make mee ere grant that I dreamd off.

To them that are abused by their owne ieaious collections and no determined trespassse of mine, this aduice by the way of example will I giue.

One comming to Doctour *Perne* on a time, and telling him hee was miserably raild on such a day in a Sermon at Saint Maries in *Cambridge*, I but quoth he (in his puling manner of speaking) did he name me, did he name me, I warrant you goe and aske him, and hee will say hee meant not mee; So they that are vn- groundedly offended at any thing in *Pierres Penni- lesse*, first let them looke if I did name them; if not, but the matter hangeth in suspence, let them send to mee for my exposition, and not buy it at the seconde hand, and I doe not doubt but they will be through- ly satisfied.

The Epistle

Hee that wraps himselfe in earth like the Foxe, to catch birds, may haply haue a heauy cart go ouer him before he be aware, and breake his backe.

A number of Apes may get the glowworme in the night, and thinke to kindle fire with it, because it glitters so, but God wote they are beguiled it proues in the end to be but fools fire, the poore worme alone with their blowing is warmed, they starue for colde whiles their wood is vntoucht. Who but a Foppe wil labour to anatomize a Flye, wables were free for any bondman to speake in old time, as *Esop* for an instance, their allusion was not restrained to any particular humor of spite, but generally applyed to a generall vice. Now a man may not talke of a dog, but it is surmised he aimes at him that giueth the dog in his Crest, hee cannot name straw, but hee must plucke a wheate sheaffe in pieces, *Intelligendo faciunt ut nihil intelligent.*

What euer they be that thus persecute Art (as the Alcumists are said to persecute Nature) I would wish them to rebate the edge of their wit, and not grinde their colours so harde, hauing founde that which is blacke, let them not with our forenamed Gold-falsifiers, seeke for a substance that is blacker than black, or angle for frogs in a cleare fountaine.

From the admonition of these vncurtous misconfiterers, I come to *The kilcow champion of the three brethren*; he forsooth wil be the first that shal giue *Pierces Penesse* a new place.

It is not inough that hee bepist his credite about twelue yeeres ago, with *Three proper and mittie familiar letters*, but still he must be running on the letter, and abusing the Queenes English without pittie or mercie,

Bee

to the Reader.

Bee it knowne vnto you (Christian Readers) this man is a forefaller of the market offame, an ingrosser of glorie, a mountebanke of strange wordes, a meere marchant of babies and conny-skins.

Hold vp thy hand *G. H.* thou art heere indited for an incrocher vpon the fee-simple of the Latin, an enemy to Carriers, as one that takes their occupation out of their hands, and dost nothing but transport letters vp and downe in thy owne commendation, a conspiratour and practiser to make Printers rich, by making thy selfe ridiculous, a manifest briber of Book-sellers and Stationers, to helpe thee to sell away thy bookes (whose impression thou paidst for) that thou mayst haue money to goe home to Trinitie Hall to discharge thy commons.

I say no more but Lord haue mercie vpon thee, for thou art falne into his hands that will plague thee.

Gentlemen, will you be instructed in the quarrell that hath caused him lay about him with his penne and inkehorne so couragiously. About two yeeres since (a fatall time to familiar Epistles) a certayne Theologicall gimpanado, a demie diuine, no higher than a Tailors pressing iron, brother to this huge booke-bear, that writes himselfe *One of the Emperours Iustlinians Courtiers*, tooke vpon him to set his foote to mine, and ouer-crow mee with comparatiue tearmes. I protest I neuer turnd vp any cowheard to looke for this scarabe flye. I had no conceit as then of discovering a breed of fooles in the three brothers bookes: marry when I beheld ordinance planted on edge of the pulpit against me, & that there was no remedy but the blind Vicar would needs let flie at me with his Churchdore keies, & curse me with bel, book and candle, because in my Alphabet of Idiots I had

The Epistle

ouer-skipt the Hs, what could I doe but draw vppon him with my penne, and defende my selfe with it and a paper buckler as well as I might.

Say I am as verie a Turke as hee that three yeeres ago ranpe vpon ropes, if euer I speld cyther his or a nie of his kindreds name in reproch, before hee barkt against mee as one of the enemies of the Lambe of God, and fetcht allussions out of the Buttery to debase mee.

Heere beginneth the fray. I vpbraide godly predication with his wicked conuersation, I squirt inke into his decayed eyes with iniquitie to mend their diseased sight, that they may a little better descend into my schollership and learning. The Ecclesiastical duns in stead of reccuery waxeth starke blind thereby (as a preseruatiue to some, is poyson to others) hee gets an olde Fencer his brother to be reuengd on me for my Phisicke, who flourishing about my eares with his two hand sworde of Oratory and Poetry, peraduenture shakes some of the rust of it on my shoulders, but otherwise strikes mee not but with the shadowe of it, which is no more than a flappe with the false scabberd of contumelie: whether am I in this case to arme my selfe against his intent of iniurie, or sitte still with my finger in my mouth, in hope to bee one of simplicities martyrs.

A quest of honorable minded Caualliers go vppon it, and if they shall find by the Law of armes or of ale, that I beeing first prouokt, am to bee inioynde to the peace, or be sworne true seruant to cowardize & patience, when wrong presseth mee to the warres; then wil I bind my selfe prentise to a Cobler, and fresh vnderlay all those writings of mine that haue trodde a-wrie.

to the Reader.

Be aduertised (gentle audience) that the *Dollers* proceedings haue thrust vpon mee this sowerly Metaphor, who first contriuing his confutation in a short Pamphlet of six leaues like a paire of summer pumps: afterward (winter growing on) clapt a paire of double soales on it like a good husband, added eight sheets more, and prickt those sheets or soales as full of the hob-nayles of reprehension as they could sticke.

It is not those his new clowted startops iwis, that shall carry him out of the durt.

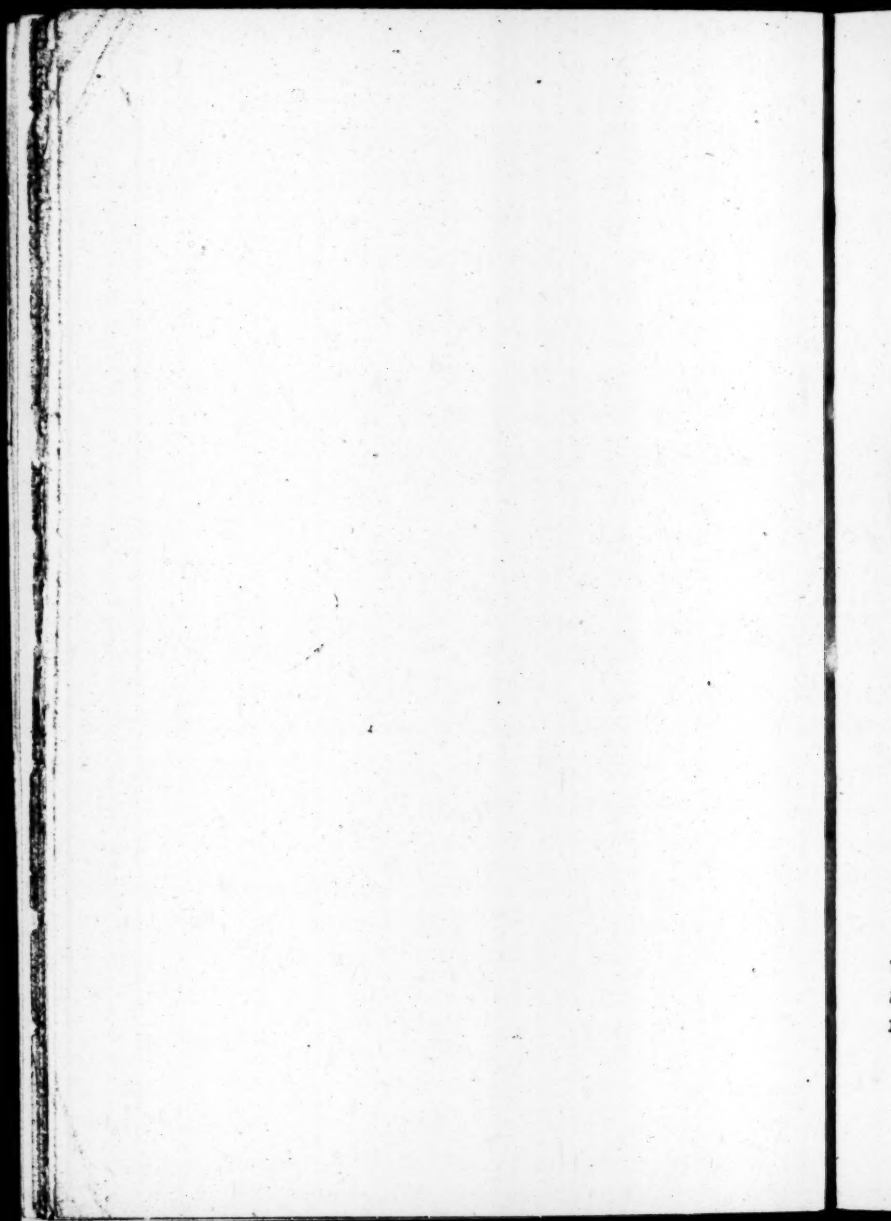
Sweet Gentlemen, be but indifferent, and you shall see mee desperate. Heere lies my hatte, and there my cloake, to which I resemble my two Epistles, being the vpper garments of my booke, as the other of my body: Saint
Fame for mee, and thus I
runne vpon him.

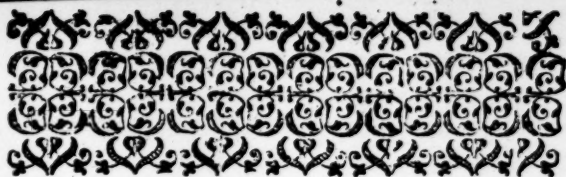
The, Nasbe.

B 3

Thg







The foure Letters

Confuted.



Abriel and not onely *Gabriel*, but *Gabrielissime Gabriel*, no Angell but *ANGELOS*, id est, *Nuntius*, a Fawneguest Mellenger twixt Maister *Bird* and Maister *Demetrius*: Behold, here stands he that will make it good on thy foure Letters bodie, that thou art a filthy vaine foole. Thy booke I commend; as very well printed: and like wondrous well, because all men dislike it.

I agree with thee that there are in it *some matters of Note*; for there are a great many barefoote rimes in it that goe as iumpe as a Fiddle with euery ballet-makers note: and if according to their manner you had run'd them ouer the head it had beene nere the worse, for by that meanes you might haue had your name chaunted in euery corner of the streete, then the which there can be nothing more *melodiouslie adoultce* to your *denine Entelechy*. O they would haue trowld off brauely to the tune of *O man in Desperation*, and like *Marenzos* Madrigals, the mournesfull note naturally haue affected rhe miserable Dittie.

Doe you knowe your owne misbegotten bedgery
Entelechy

Four Letters

Entelechy and addowice. VVith these two Hermo-
phrodite phraſes, being halfe Latin and halfe Engliſh,
haſt thou puld out the very guts of the inkehorne.

Letters.

*To all curteous mindes that will vouchſafe the rea-
ding.*

Comment.

In their abſence this be deliuered to *Megge Curtis*
in Shorditch to ſtop muſtard pots with.

The particular Contents.

L. A Praface to courteous mindes.

C. As much to ſay, as Proſice, much good do it you
would it were better for you.

*L. A Letter to M Emanuel Demetrius, with a ſon-
net thereto annexed.*

C. That is, as it were a purgation vpon a vomit, bus-
kins vpon pantophles.

L. A Letter to M. Bird.

C. Or little matter wrapt vp in many words.

*L. A Letter to euerie favorable and indifferent Rea-
der.*

C. Id eſt, An exhortation to all Readers, that they
ſhall reade nothing but his works.

L. Another letter to the ſame extorted after the reſt.

C. By interpretation, a Letter whereof his inuention
had a hard ſtoole, and yet it was for his eaſe, though
not for his honeſtie: and ſo forth, as the Text ſhall di-
rect you at large.

Confuted.



Heere beginneth the first Epistle and first Booke of Orator Gabriell to the Casti- liaries or Philippicks.

*Wherein is diuulged, that venum is venum and will in-
fect, that that which is done, cannot (de facto) be
vndone, that fauour is a courteous Reader,
and G.H. your thankfull debter.*

A Comment vpon the Text.



He learned Orator in this Epistle *takesh*
precise order he will not be too eloquent
and yet it shall be (L.) *as well for ending*
vnworthie to be published, as for publishing
vnworthie to be ended.

C. He had many aduersaries in those times that he
wrote, amongst the which Cloth-breeches and Vel-
uet-breeches (his fathers pouerty, and his owne pride
were none of the meanest.)

After them start vp one *Pierce Penniless*, and hee
likewise was a stumbling blocke in his way. (Penurie
not long tarries after pride; pray all the ropes in *Saf-
ron Walden* that I do not prophesie,) Amen, Amen,
quoth M. Bird and M. Demetrius.

Hee forbears to speake much in this place of the
one or the other, *because his letters are more forward*
to accuse them than their owne booke to condemne them;
yet for a touch by the way, hee talks that Greene is no

C.

liuerey

Foure Letters

liverie for this winter, it is pitifully blasted and faded in
euerie meade by the strong breath of his barbarisme.

Hee hath a twitch at *Pierce Pennilesse* too, at the
parting hile, and tearms him *the Devils Orator* by pro-
fession, and his *Dames Poet* by practise: wherein mee
thinks (the surreuerence of his works not impaired) he
hath verie highly ouershortte himselfe: for no more is
Pierce Pennilesse to be caid the Devils Orator for ma-
king a Supplication to the Deuill, than hee is to bee
helde for a Rhethoritian, for setting forth *Gabrielis*
Sarnei Rhetor, wherein hee thought to haue knocke
out the braines of poore *Tullies Orator*, but in veri-
tie did nothing else but gather a flaunting vnfauory
fore-horse nolegay out of his well furnished gar-
land.

The aduancemēt of the Deuils Oratorship, which
he ascribeth to *Pierce Pennilesse*, me thinks had beene
a fit place for his Doctorship, when hee mist the Ora-
torship of the Vniuersitie, of which in the sequele of
his booke he most slanderously complaineth. Doctor
Perna, Greene, no dead man he spareth.

What he should *subaudi* by his *Dames Poet*, I scarce
apprehend, except this, that *Pierce* his Father was
Dame Lawf. Poet, and writte many goodly stories of
her in *An Almond for Parrat*.

Those that will take a Lecture in our Orators let-
ters, must not read, excuse, commend, credite or beleue
anie approoued truth in *Pierce Pennilesse*, especially if
it be any thing that vpbraideth the great Baboune
brother.

Hee will stoppe the beginning, id est, when hee hath
come behind a man and broke his head, seeke to bind
him to the good abearing, or els the ende were like to
proue pernis to us and perillous to his confusion.

Some.

Confuted.

Somewhat hee mutters of *defamation and iust commendation*, & what a hell it is for him that hath built his heauen in vaine-glory, to bee puld by the sleecue, and bidde *Respice suum*, looke backe to his Fathers house; but I ouerslippe it as friuolous, because all the world knowes him better than he knowes himselfe, & though he play the Pharisie neuer so in iustifying his owne innocence, theies none will beleecue him.

Let this bee spoken once for all, as I haue a soule to saue, till this day in all my life with tongue nor penne did I euer in the least worde or tittle derogate from the Doctor. If his brother (without any former pro- uocation on my part God is my witnesse) rayld on me grossely, expressely namde mee, comparde me to *Martin*, in deuord to take from mee all estimation of Arte or witte, haue I not cause to bestirre mee?

Gabriel, I will bestirre mee, for a'l like an Alehouse Knight thou crau'lt of *Iustice to do thee reason*; as for *impudencie and calumny*, I returne them in thy face, that in one booke of tenne sheets of paper, hast published aboute two hundred lies.

Had they been wittie lies, or merry lies, they would neuer haue greeu'd mee: but palpable lies, damned lies, lies as big as one of the Guardes chynes of beefe, who can abide?

Ile make thee of my counsaile, because I loue thee (not:) when I was in Cambridge and but a childe, I was indifferently perswaded of thee: mee thought by thy apparell and thy gate thou shouldst haue beene a fine fellow: Little did I suspect that thou wert brother to *Io. Paan* (whom inwardly I alwaies grudgd at for writing against *Aristotle*) or any of the Hs of Hempe hall, but a Cavalier of a clean contrary house, now thou hast quite spoild thy selfe, from the foot to

Foure Letters

the head I can tell how thou art fashioned.

Teterrime frater, and not *fraterrime frater*, maist thou verie wofully exclaime, for in helping him thou hast crackt thy credit through the ring, made thy infamie currant as farre as the *Queenes* coyne goes.

But it may be thou hast a silder cloke for this quarrell, thou wilt obiekt thy Father was abused, & that made thee write. What by mee, or *Greene*, or both

If by *Greene* and not mee, thou shouldest haue writen against *Greene* and not mee. If by both, I will answer for both, but not by both, therefore I will answer but for one.

Giue an instance if thou canst for thy life, wherein in any leafe of *Pierce Penilesse* I had so much as halfe a fillables relation to thee, or offred one iot of indignitie to thy Father, more than naming the greatest dignitie he hath, when for varietie of Epithites I calde thy brother *the sonne of a Ropemaker*.

We shall haue a good ioune of you anone, if you be ashamed of your fathers occupation: ah thou wilt nere thrive, that art beholding to a trade, and canst not abide to heare of it.

Thou dost liue by the gallows, & wouldest not haue a shooe to put on thy foot if thy father had no traffike with the hangman. Had I a Ropemaker to my father, & some body had cast it in my teeth. I would foorthwith haue writ in praise of Ropemakers, & prou'd it by found silligiltry to be one of the 7 liberal sciences.

Somewhat I am priuie to the cause of *Greenes* inueighing against the three brothers. Thy hot-spirited brother *Richard* (a notable ruffian with his pen) hauing first tooke vpon him in his blundring Persual to play the lacke of both sides twixt *Martin* and vs, and snarld priuily at *Pap-batchet*, *Pasquill*, & others, that
opposed

Confuted.

opposde then selues against the open slauder of that mightie platformer of Atheisme, presently after dribbed forth another fooles bolt, a booke I shoulde say, which he christened *The Lambe of God*.

That booke was a learned booke, a labourd booke; for three yere before he put it in print, he had preacht it all without booke.

I my selfe haue some of it in a booke of Setmons that my Tutor at Cambridge made mee gather euery Sunday. Then being very yoong, I counted it the abiectest and frothiest forme of Diuinitie that came in that place. Now more confirmed in age and Art, I confirme my i^l opinion of it.

Neither do I vrge this as if it were a hainous thing for a man to put sermons in print after hee preacht them, but obserue the proud humor of the pert Didimus, that thinks nothing hee speakes but deserues to be put in print, and speakes not that sentence in the Pulpit, which before he rough-hewes not ouer with his penne. Besides, I taxe him for turning an olde coate (like a Broker) and selling it for a new.

These and a thousand more imperfections might haue beene buried with his bookes in the bottome of a drie-fatte, and there slept quietly amongst the shauings of the Presse, if in his Epistle he had not beene so arrogantly censoriall.

Not mee alone did hee reuile and dare to the combat, but gickt at *Pap-hatches* once more, and mistermmed all our other Poets and writers about London, piperly make-plates and make-bates.

Hence *Greene*, being chiefe agent for the companie (for hee writ moie than foure other, how well I will not say: but *Sat cisò, si sat benò*) tooke occasion to canuaze him a little in his Cloth-breeches

Four Letters

and Veluet breeches, and because by some probable collections hee gell the elder brothers hand was in it, he coupled them both in one yooke, and to fulfill the prouerbe *Tria sunt omnia* thrust in the third brother who made a perfect parriall of Pamphleters.

About some seauen or eight lines it was which hath pluckt on an inuective of so many leaues. Had hee liu'd *Gabriel*, and thou shouldst so vnartificially and odiously libeld against him as thou hast done, he would haue made thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come, and driuen thee to eat thy owne booke butterd, as I sawe him make an Appariter once in a Tauern eat his Citation waxe and all, very handsomly seru'd twixt two dishes.

Out vpon thee for an arrant dog-killer, strike a man when he is dead,

So Hares may pull dead Lions by the beards.

Memorandum, I borrowed this sentence out of a Play. The Theater Poets hall, hath many more such prouerbes to persecute thee with, because thou hast so scornefully derided their profession, and despitefully maligned honest sports.

Before I vnbowell the leane Carcase of thy book any further, Ile drinke one cup of lambswooll, so the *Lambe of God and his enemies.*

In the first foure leaues of it. I haue singled out these Godly and fruitfull obseruations.

Noble Lord I doe it euen vpon former premisses, not for any future consequents.

My booke is not worthy of so honorable specialitie as your Patronage.

I will not prosecute it with Theologicall peculiaris, but from the mouth of the sword I speake, &c.

The hearts of the wicked pant, their spirits faile them, they

Confuted.

they may well call for butter out of a Lordly dish.

You that bee gentle Readers doe you not laugh at this Lawiers english of former premisses and future consequents.

O sinicallitic your Patronages specialitie, but if he prosecute it with Theologicall peculiaris, we must needs thrust him *inter ones & bones, & reliqua pecora campi.*

From the mouth of the sword I speake it, *that butter out of a Lordly dish* is but lewd diet for the Pulpit.

But this is not halfe the luttour of inckehornisme, that those foure pages haue pigd. I must tell you of the *Odonarium* of *Ramus*, the *Sesquiamus* of *Phrigius*, the *Cartusianisme* of *Gulielmus Rikel*, of *Annals Diaries*, *Coronologies* & *Tropologicall schoolemen*, The *Abetilis* of the *Ethiopians* or *Pretioiannans*, of *Gulielmus minatensis*, & *S. Ierome* allegorized & *Abdisas*, *Lyra*, *Gryson*, *Porta*, *Pantaleon*.

All which hee reckons vp to make the world beleue he hath read much but alleadgeth nothing out of them: Nor I thinke on my conscience euer read or knew what they meane, but as he hath stole them by the whole sale out of some Booksellers Catalogue, or a table of Tractats.

Here are some of his profounde Annotations, *Iacob* tooke *Leah* for his bedfellowe in the darke by night in steede of *Rachel*, whereby I learne to buy my wife candle to goe to bed withall, and admit her not by darke but by light.

Iacob was deceived by *Labans* words: ergo, Obligations are better than bills, and we must belieue no man except he will waxe and multiplie in words, and call inke & parchment to witnes.

Iacob laide pilled rods with white strakes in the waiting places of the sleepe, whereby I note that in carnal

mixture

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mixture the senses are opened.

Iudge you that be the Fathers of the Church whether this be fit matter to edifie or no.

It was not for nothing brother Richard that *Greene* told you you kist your Parishioners wiues with holy kisses, for you that wil talk of *opening the senses by carnal mixture* (the very act of lecherie) in a Theological Treatise, and in the Pulpit, I am afraid in a priuater place you will practise as much as you speake. *Hominēs raro nisi male locuti male faciunt. Oles hircum, olet hircum*, anie modest eare would abhorre to heare it.

Farewell vncleane Vicar, and God make thee an honest man; for thou art too baudy for mee to deale withall.

It folloves in the Text.

To my verie good friend Maister Emanuell Demetrius,

This Letter of M. Bird to M. *Demetrius*, shoulde seeme by all reference or collation of titles, to bee a Letter which M. Bird's secretarie *Doctour Gabriell* indited for him in his owne praise, and got him to sette hand to when he had done. Or rather it is no letter, but a certificate (such as Rogues haue) from the head men of the Parish where hee was borne, *that Gabriel is an excellent generall Scholler, and his Father of good behaviour.*

We will not belecue it except wee see the Towne seale sette to it: but say wee should beleue it, what doth it make for thee? Haue the Townesmen of *Saffron Waldon* euer heard thee preach, that they should commend thee for an excellent generall scholler? or (because thou professest thy self a Ciuilian) hast thou solicited any of their causes in the bawdy Courtes therabouts. If not, go your wayes a dolt as you came,

Maister

Confuted.

Maister Birdes Letter shall not repriue you from the ladder.

But Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches (by the judgment of the best man of none of the least towns in Essex) is a fantastickall and fond Dialogue, and one of the most licentious ~~in~~ⁱⁿ ~~the~~^{of} ~~any~~^{any} ~~that~~^{that} ever has been read.

Why?

In it is abused an ancient neighbour of his.

How is he abused?

In stead of his name, hee is called by the craft hee gets his living with.

*He hath borne office in VValden above twenty yere
since (hoc est had the keeping of the Towne stocke, a-
lias the stocks) Ergo he is no Rope-maker.*

He hath main^daind foure sonnes at Cambridge: Ergo Greene is a lewd fellow to say he gets his liuing backward.

Three of his sonnes universally ridiculouslie reputed
of (for inamoratos on their owne works) in both Uni-
uersities and the whole Realme. The fourth is shrunk in
the waiting, or else the Print should haue heard of
him.

One of the three (whom the *Quip* entitles the Physition) returning sicke from *Norwich* to *Linne* in *Julie* last, was past writing any more Almanackes, before *Greene* ere imagined God had thought so well of him to take him to him.

Liuer post quiescat. Mother Liuers of Newington is a better fortune-teller than he was a Phisition.

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A Dash through the dudgen

Sonnet against *Greene*.

*Put vp thy smiter O gentle Peter,
Author and halter make but ill meeter.
I come to answer thy mishapen rime,
Blocks haue cald schollers bayards ere this time.*

I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged Verses, but that if I should retort his rime dogrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobling like a Brewers Cart vpon the stones, and obserue no length in their feete, which were *absurdum per absurdum*, to infect my vaine with his imitation.

The Analasis of the whole is this: an olde mechanical meeter-munger would faine raile if he had anie witte. If *Greene* were *dogge-sicke and brain-sicke*, sure he (poore secular Satirist) is dolt-sicke and brainlesse that with the toothlesse gums of his Poetry so betuggeth a dead man.

But I cannot be induced to be'cue a graue man of his sort shou'd be ere so *rauingly* bent: when all comes to all, *shortest vowels and longest mutes* will bewray it to bee a webbe of your owne loomes *M. Gabriel*: you *mute* forth many such phrases in the course of your booke, which I will point at as I passe by.

I will not robbe you of your due commendation in any thing: in this Sonnet you haue counterfeited the stile of the olde Vice in the Morrals, as right vp and downe as may be.

Let *Greene the Connycatcher of this dreame* be the author,
For his duntie duntse deserueth the banter.

Vice.

Confuted.

Vice. Hey nan a non fir, soft let mee make water,
VVhip it to go, Ile kisse my maisters daughter.
Tum diddy, tum da, falangredo diddle,
Sol la me fa sol, conatus in fiddle.

I am afraide your *Doctōrs fart* will fall out to be a
fatall foyst to your breeches, if we followe you at the
hard heeles as we haue begun.

Thou shalt not breath a whit, trip and goe, turne o-
uer a new lease.

Maister Bird in the absence of M. Demetrius.
Perge porrò. *I found his wife curteous*, barlady fir but
that is suspitious.

A woman is well holpen vp that does you any cur-
resie in the absence of her husband, when you cannot
keepe it to your selfe, but you must blab it in print.

If it were any other but *Mistris Demetrius* (whome
I haue heard to be a modest sober woman, and inducd
with many vertues) I would play vpon it a litle more.
In regard that shee is so, I forbear; and craue pardon
in that I haue spoken so much.

Yet would I haue her vnderstand, how well *the ge-
nerall scholler* her guest hath rewarded hir for his kind
entertainment, by bringing her name in question in
print.

M. Bird and Demetrius, I knowe neither of you by
sight, but this Ile say, being of that welth you are, you
had better haue spent a great deale of money, than
come in the mouth of this base companion.

VVhat reason haue I (seeing your names subscri-
bed as his bolsterer, in a matter of defame that con-
cernes mee) but to go through stich with you as well
as him.

He thinks to ouer-bear vs as poore beggers with

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the great ostentation of your rich acquaintance.

Lette all Noblemen take heede how they giue this *Thraso* the least becke or countenance, for if they bestowe but halfe a glaunce on him, hele straight put it verie solemnly in print, and make it ten times more than it is.

He tell you a merry ieast.

The time was when this *Timothie Tiptoes* made a Latine Oration to her Maiestie. Her Highnes as shee is vnto all her subiects most gracious: so to schollers she is more louing and affable than any Prince vnder heauen. In which respect, of her owne vertue and not his desert, it pleased hir so to humble the height of hir iudgement, as to grace him a little whiles he was pronouncing, by these or such like tearmes. *This a good pretie fellow, a lookes like an Italian*, and after hee had concluded, to call him to kisse her royall hand. Herevpon hee goes home to his studie all intraunced, and writes a whole volume of Verses; first *De vultu Itali*, of the countenance of the Italian; and then *De osculo manus*, of his kissing the Queenes hande. VWhich two Latin Poems he publisht in a booke of his cald *Aedes Valdineses*, proclaiming thereby (as it were to England, Fraunce, Italie and Spaine, what fauour hee was in with her Maiestie.

I dismishe this *Parentthesis*, and come to his next businesse, which indeede is his first businesse: for tyll *Greene* awakte him out of his selfe admiring contemplation, hee had nothing to doe, but walke vnder the Ewe tree at Trinitie hall, and say:

What may I call this tree, an Ewe tree O bonny Ewe tree,
Needes to thy boughs will bow this knee, and vaile my bonneto,

Confuted.

Or make verses of weathercocks on the top of steeples, as he did once of the weathercocke of Alhallows in Cambridge:

O thou weathercocke that stands on the top of the Church of Alhallows, Come thy waies downe it thou darst for thy crowne and take the wall on vs.

O Heathenish and Pagan Hexameters, come thy waies downe from thy *Doctourship*, & learne thy Primer of Poetry ouer again, for certainly thy pen is in state of a Reprobate with all men of iudgement and reckoning.

Come thy waies downe from thy *Doctourship* said I: *Errant demens* thou neuer wentst vp to it yet.

Fie on hypocrisie and Dissimulation, that men should make themselves better than they are.

Alas a Gods will thou art but a plaine motheaten Maister of Art, and neuer pollutedst thy selfe with any plaister of *Doctourship*.

List Pauls Churchyard (the peruser of euerie mans works & Exchange of all Authors) you are a many of you honest fellows, and fauour men of wit.

So it is that a good Gowne and a well pruned paire of moustachios, hauing studied sixteene yeare to make thirteene ill english Hexameters, came to the Vniuersity Court *regentium & non* to sue for a commission to carry two faces in a hooide, they not vsing to deny honour to any man that deserued it, bad him performe all the Schollerlike ceremonies and disputatiue right appertaining thereto, and he should bee installed.

Noli me tangere, he likt none of that.

A stripling that hath an indifferent pretty stocke, of reputation abroad in the worlde already, and some credit amongst his neighbours as he thinketh, would

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beloeth to icoperd all at one throwe at the dice.

If hee should haue disputed for his degree, disced in *arenam & puluerem Philosophicum*, and haue beene foild, *Aih me quoth VV* it in *lamentable sort*, what should haue become of him, hee might haue beene shot through ere hee were aware with a Sillogisme.

No point, *Ergo*, it were wisely done of Goodman Boores sonne if he should goe to the warres for honor and returne with a wodden legge, when he may buy a Captaine ship at home better cheape.

Pumps and Pantofles because they were well blackt and glistered iolly freshly on it, being rubd ouer with inke, had their grace at length to be Doctour *Ea lege*, that they should do their acts (that is, performe more than they were able)

Curst be the time that euer there were any obligations made with conditions, *Unde habeas querit nemo sed oportet habere*, Howe Dorbell comes to bee Doctour none asks, but Doctour hee must bee to make him right worshipfull.

Acts are but idle wordes, and the Scripture saith, wee must giue account for euery idle word.

Pumps and Pantofles sweare they will iet away with a cleare conscience at the daie of iudgement, and therefore do no Acts, giue no offence with id'e words, onelie like a Hauke let flie at a Partridge, that turnes the taile and betakes her to a walnut-tree, so to Oxford they trudge hauing their grace *ad disputandum*, and there are confirmed in the same degree they took at Cambridge: which is as if a Prentise heere in London, as soone as hee is enrould, should runne to some such Towne as Ipswich, and there craue to haue his Freedome confirmed as of London, which in truth

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is no Freedome because hee hath not seru'd out his prentiship.

Trust mee not for a dodkin, if there beenot all the Doctourship hee hath, yet will the insolent inke-horne worme write himselfe Right worshipfull of the Lawes, and personate this man and that man, calling him *my good friend Maister Doctour* at euery word.

Doctour or no Doctour *Greene surfeted not of Pickled hearing but of an exceeding feare of his Familiar Epistles.*

Hee offered in his extreamest want twentie shillings to the Printer to leaue out the matter of the three brothers.

Haud facile credo, I am sure the Printer beeing of that honestie that I take him for, will not affirme it.

Marry this I must say, there was a learned Doctour of Physicke (to whom Greene in his sicknesse sent for counsaile) that hauing read over the booke of Veluet breeches and Clothbreeches, and laughing merrilie at the three brothers legend, wild Green in any case either to mittigate it or leaue it out: Not for any extraordinarie account hee made of the fraternitie of fooles, but for one of them was proceeded in the same facultie of Physicke hee profest, and willing hee would haue none of that excellent calling ill spoken off.

This was the cause of the altring of it, the feare of his Physitions displeasure, not any feare else.

I keepe your *conscions minde* with all other odde ends of your halfe fac'd english till the full conclusion of my booke, where in an honorable *Index* they shall be placed according to their degree and segnioritie.

VVee

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We are to vex you mightely for plucking *Elderton* out of the ashes of his Ale, and not letting him inioy his nappie muse of ballad making to himselfe, but now when he is as dead as dead beere, you must bee finding fault with the brewing of his meeters.

Hough *Thomas Delone, Phillip Stubbs, Robert Arwin*, &c. Your father *Elderton* is abus'd. Reuenge, reuenge on course paper and want of matter, that hath most sacriligioussly contaminated the diuine spirit & quintessence of a penny a quart.

Helter skelter, feare no colours, course him, trounce him, one cup of perfect bonauenture licour will inspire you with more wit and Schollership than hee hath thrust into his whole packet of Letters.

You that bee lookers on perhaps imagine I talke like a merry man, and not in good earnest when I say that *Eldertons* ghost and *Gabriel* are at such ods: but then you knowe nothing, for there hath beene monstrous emulation twixt *Elderton* and him time out of mind. Yea, they were riuals in riming foure yeare before the great frost. Hee expressely writ against him, 1580. *In his short but sharpe and learned iudgement of Earthquakes.*

Broome boyes, and corne cutters, (or whatsoeuer trade is more contemptible) come not in his way, stand fortie foote from the execution place of his furie, for else in the full tide of his standish he will carrie your occupations handsmooth out of towne before him, belmeare them, drowne them, downe the riuer they goe *Prinily* to the Ile of Dogges with his Pamphlets.

O it is a pestilent libeller against beggers, hee meanes shortly to set forth a booke cald his Paraphrase vpon Paris Garden, wherein hee will so tamper

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per with the interpreter of the Puppits, and betrouse Harry of Tame and great Ned, that Titius *shall not upbraid Caius with euerie thing and nothing, nor Zoylus anie more flurt Homer, nor Therfites sling at Agamemnon.*

Holla, holla, holla, *flurt, sling*, what reasty Rhetoricke haue we here? certes, certes brother *huddy duddy*, your penne is a coult by cockes body.

As touching the libertie of Orators and Poets, I will conferre with thee somewhat grauely, although thou beest a goose-cappe and hast no iudgement.

A libertie they haue thou sayst, *but no liberty without bounds, no licence without limitation.*

Iesu what mister wonders dost thou tell vs? euery thing hath an end, and a pudding hath two.

That libertie Poets of late in their innueltines haue exceeded, they haue borne their sword vp, where it is not lawfull for a poynado that is but the page of pro- wesse to intermeddle.

Thou bringst in *Mother Hubbard* for an instance. Go no further, but here confesse thy selfe a flat nodg- scombe before all this congregation; for thou hast dealt by thy friend as homely as thou didst by thy father.

Who publikely accusde or of late brought *Mother Hubbard* into que stion, that thou shouldst by rehear- fall rekindle against him the sparkes of displeasure that were quenched?

Forgot hee the *pure sanguine of his Fairy Quene* sayst thou?

A *pure sanguine* sot art thou, that in vaine-glory to haue *Spencer* known for thy friend, and that thou hast some interest in him, censerest him worse than his deadliest enemy would do.

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If any man were vnderferuedly toucht in it, thou hast reuied his disgrace that was so toucht in it, by remaining it, when it was worn out of al mens mouths and minds.

Besides, whereas before I thought it a made matter of some malicious moralizers against him, and no substance of slander in truth, now when thou (that proclaimst thy selfe the ony familiar of his bosome, and therefore shouldst know his secretes) giues it out in print that he ouerthotte himselfe therein; it cannot chuse but be suspected to be so indeed.

Immortall *Spencer*, no frailtie hath thy fame, but the imputation of this Idiot's friendship: vpon an vnspotted *Pegasus* should thy gorgeous attired *Fayrie Queene* ride triumphant through all reports dominions, but that this mud-born bubble, this bile on the browe of the Vniuersitie, this bladder of pride newe blowne, challengeth some interest in her prosperitie.

Of pitch who hath any vse at all, shall be abused by it in the end.

High grasse that flourisheth for a season on the house toppe, fadeth before the haruest calls for it, and maye well make a faire shewe, but hath no sweetnesse in it. Such is this Asse in present, this grosse painted image of pride, who would faine counterfeite a good witte, but scornfull pittie his best patron, knows it becomes him as ill, as an vnweldy Elephant to imitate a whelp in his wantonnes.

I wote not how it fals out, but his inuention is ouerweapond; he hath some good words, but he cannot writhe them androsse them to and fro nimble, orso bring them about, that hee maye make one streight thrust at his enemies face.

Coldly and dally *idem per idem* who cannot indite?
but

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but with life and spirit to limne deadnes it selfe, *Hoc est Oratoris proprium.*

L. Inuectiues by fauour haue beene too bolde, and Satires by usurpation too presumptuous. What pleasure brings this to the reader? lacke of the Falcon in Cambridge can say as much and giue no reason for it.

But I can prompt you with a demonstration wherein Inuectiues haue been too bold. Do you remember what you writ in your Item for Earthquakes, of double fac'd Iani, changeable Cameloons, Aspen leaues painted sheathes, and sepulchers! Asses in Lions skinnes, dunghill cockes slipperie celes, dormise, &c. Besides your testimoniall of Doctour Perhe, wherein it pleased you of your singular liberalitie and bountie to bestow vpon this beautifull Encomium: *A busie and dizzie head, a brazen fore head, a leaden braine, a wodden witte, a copper face, a stomie brest, a factious and eluish heart, a founder of nouelties, a confounder of his owne and his friendes good gifter, a morning booke-worme, an after-noonc malt-worme, a right Iugler, as full of his sleighres, wiles fetches casts of legerdemaine, toyes to mocke Apes wiehall, odde stiffs and knauish practises as his skinne can holde.*

Notwithstanding all this, you desie cut and longtaile, that can accuse you of any scandalous part either in word or deede.

Tully, Horace, Archilochus, Aristophanes, Lucian, Iulian, Aretine, goe for no paiment with you, their declamatory stiles brought to the grand test of your iudgement, are found counterfeite, they are a venemous and viperous brood of frailers, because they haue broght in a new kind of a quicke sight, which your decrepite slow-mouing capacitie cannot fadge with.

Tush, tush, you take the graue peake vpon you

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too much, who would think you could so easily shake off your olde friendes? Did not you in the fortie one Page line 2. of your Epistles to *Colin Clout* vse this speech?

Extra iocum, I like your Dreames passing well: and the rather because they saue of that singular extraordinary vaine and inuention which I euer fancied most, and in a manner admired onely in Lucian, Petrarch, Arcetine, Patquil.

Dic sodes (godamercie on Dicke Sothis sou'e, for he was a better dauncer than thou art an enditer, & with his legges he made some Musicke, there is none in thy letters) answere mee briefly I say to the point, haue I varied one vowell from thy originall text in this allegation. If not, I cannot see how the Doctours may well bee reconcild, one while to commend a man because his writings saue of that singular extraordinarie vaine, which he onely admired in Lucian, Petrarch, Arcetine, Patquil: and then in another booke afterward to come and call those singular extraordinarie admired men, a venemous and viperous brood of traiters.

The auncienter sort of Poets and Oratours shall plead their owne worthinesse.

Tullie neuer ouerreached himself in railing so much as in flatterie. His *Phillippicks* (sound Physick applide to a body that could not digest it) are the things that especially commended him to this art-thriuing age of ours, and had not these beene, hee would certainly haue beene sentenced by a generall verdit of histories, for a timorous time-pleaser.

VVho cannot draw a curtaine before a deformed picture. *Plautus* personated no Parasite, but he made him a slaue or a bondman.

Fawning and croutching are the naturall gestures
of

Confuted.

of feare, and if it bee a vertue for a vassaille to licke a mans shooes with his tongue, sure it is but borrowed from the dogges, and so is biting too, if it bee accompanied with ouer lowd barking, or in such wise as it cannot pinch but it must breake the flesh and drawe bloud.

Horace, Persens, Iuuenall, my poore iudgment lendeth you plentiful allowance of applause: yet had you with the *Phrigian* melodie, that stirreth men vp to battaile and furie, mixt the *Dorian* tune, that fauoreth mirth and pleasure, your vsugred piles (howeuer excellently medicinable) would not haue beene so harsh in the swallowing. So likewise *Archilochus*, thou like the preachers to the Curtizans in Roome, that expound to them all Lawe and no Gospell, art all gall and no spleene. Hence came it to passe, that with the meere efficacy of thy incensed *Iambicks* thou madst a man runne and hang himselfe that had angered thee.

Thee I embrace *Aristophanes*, not so much for thy Comædie of the clowd which thou wrotest against philosophers, as for in al other thy inuentions thou inter-fusest delight with reprehension.

Lucian, Iulian, Aretine, all three admirably blest in the abundant giftes of art and nature: yet Religion which you sought to rinate, hath ruinated your good names, and the opposing of your eyes against the bright sunne, hath causd the worlde condemne your fight in all other thinges. I protest were you ought else but abhominable Atheistes, I would obstinately defende you, onely because *Laureate Gabriell* articles against you.

This I will iustifie against any *Dromidote Ergonist* whatsoeuer, there is no other vnlafeinious vse or end

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of poetry, but to infamize vice, and magnifie vertue, and that if they assemble all the examples of verse-founders from *Homer* to *Hugh Copland*, they shall not find anie of them but hath encountred with the generall abuses of his times.

Whatsoeuer harpeth not of one these two strings of praise and reproofe, is as it were a *Dirige* in prick song without any dittie set to it, that haply may tickle the care, but neuer edifies.

In the Romaine common-wealths it was lawfull for Poets to reprove that enormitie in the highest chairs of authoritie, which none else durst touch, alwaies the sacred Maiestie of their *Augustus* kept inuiolate: for that was a Planet exalted aboue their Hexameter horizon, & it was capitall to them in the highest degree to dispute of his setting and rising, or search inquisitiuely into his predominance and influence.

The secrets of God must not be searcht into. Kings are Gods on earth, their actions must not be sounded by their subiects.

Seneca Neroes Tutor, founde his death in no verse but *Oetania*. Imperious *Lucan* sprinkled but one drop of bloud on his imperiall chayre, and perisht by him also.

Ouid once saw *Augustus* in a place where he would not haue beene seene, he was exile presently to those countries no happy man hears of.

Long might hee in a blinde Metamorphosis haue playd vppon all the wenches in Roome, and registred their priuie escapes, vpbayed in hospitalitie with the fable of *Licaon*: alluded to some Ambodexter Lawyer vnder the storie of *Battus*: haue described a noted vnthrif, whose substance hawkes and houndes haue deuoured, in the tale of *Alceon*, that was eaten

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vp by his owne dogges : mockt Alcumistes with *Midas* : pictured in amarratos vnder *Narcissus* : and shrouded a picked effeminate Carpet Knight vnder the fictionate perion of *Hermaphroditus*; with a thousand more such vnexorable over-thwartmentes, if luit had not led him beyond the prospect of his birth, or hee seene a meaner man sinning than an Emperour.

Santa Maria ora pro nobis, how hath my pen lost it selfe in a croude of Poets.

Gaffer *Iobbernoule*, once more well ouer-taken, how dost thou, how dost thou? holde vp thy heade man, take no care, though *Greene* be dead, yet I may lue to doe thee good.

But by the meanes of his death thou art deprived of the remedie in lawe, which thou intendedst to haue had against him for calling thy Father *Ropemaker*. Mas thats true, what Action will it beare? *Nihil pro nibilo*, none in law, what it will doe vpon the stage? cannot tell; for there a man maye make action besides his part, when he hath nothing at all to say; and if there, it is but a clownish action that it will beare: for what can bee made of a *Ropemaker* more than a *Clowne*. *Will Kempe*, I mistrust it will fall to thy lot for a meriment one of these dayes.

In short tearmes thus I denur vpon thy long *Kentish*-rayld declaration against *Greene*.

Hee inherited more vertues than vices, a jolly long red peake like the spine of a sleeple hee cherisht continually without cutting, where a man might hang a Jewell, it was so sharpe and pendant.

VVhy should art answer for the infirmities of maners? Hee had his faultes, and thou thy follyes.

Debt and deadly sinne who is not subiect to?

VVith

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with any notorious crime I neuer knew him tainted;
(& yet tainting is no infamous surgerie for him that,
hath beene in so many hote skirmishes).

A good fellowe hee was, and would haue drunke
with thee for more *angels* then the Lord thou libeldst
on, *gaue thee in Christs Colledge*, and in one yeare hee
pist as much against the walls, as thou and thy two
brothers spent in three.

In a night & a day would he haue yarkt vp a Pam-
phlet as well as in seauen yeare, and glad was that
Printer that might bee so blest to pay him deare for
the very dregs of his wit.

Hee made no account of winning credite by his
workes, as thou dost, that dost no good workes, but
thinkes to bee famosed by a strong faith of thy owne
worthines, his only care was to haue a spel in his purse
to coniure vp a good cuppe of wine with at all times.

For the low sic circumstance of his pouerty before
his death, and sending that miserable writte to his
wife, it cannot be but thou yest learned *Gabriell*.

I and one of my fellowes *Will. Monox* (Hast thou
neuer heard of him and his great dagger?) were in
company with him a month before he died, at that
fatal banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled hearing,
(if thou wilt needs haue it so) and then the inuento-
rie of his apparrell came to more than three shillings
(though thou saist the contrarie.) I know a Broker in
a spruce leather ierkin with a great number of golde
Rings on his fingers, and a bunch of keies at his gir-
dle, shall giue you thirty shillings for the doublet a-
lone, if you can helpe him to it. Harke in your eare,
hee had a very faire Cloake with sleeues, of a graue
goose turd greene, it would serue you as fine as may
bee: No more words if you bee wise play the good
husband

Confuted.

husband and listen after it, you may buy it ten shillings better cheape than it cost him. By S. Siluer it is good to bee circumspect in casting for the worlde, theres a great many ropes go to ten shillings. If you want a greasy paire of silk stockings also to shew your selfe in at the Court, they are there to be had too amongst his moueables. *Frustra fit per plura quod fieri potest per pauciora*: It is policie to take a rich penniworth whiles it is offred.

Alas euen his fellow writer that proper yoong man, almost scorns to cope with thee thou art such a crowtreden Ass: dost thou in some respects wish him well and spare his name? in some respects so doth hee wish thee as well? (*hoc est*, to be as well knowne for a foole as my Lord Welles) and promiseth by me to talke very sparingly of thy praise. For thy name, hee will not stoupe to plucke it out of the mire, and put it in his mouth.

By this blessed cuppe of sacke which I now holde in my hand, and drinke to the health of all Christen soules in, thou art a puissant Epitapher.

Yea? thy Muses foot of the twelues; old long Meg of Westminster? Then I trowe thou wilt stride ouer *Greenes* graue and not stumble: If you doe, wee shall come to your taking vp.

Letter.

*Here lies the man whom Mistris Isam cround with bays,
She, she that ioyd to heare her Nightingales sweete lays.*

Comment.

Here Mistris *Isam Gabriel* floutes thy bays,
Scratch out his eyes that printeth thy dispraise.

She, she will scratch, and like a scratching night-owle come and make a dismal noise vnder thy cham-

F.

ber

Foure Letters

ber windowe for deriding her so dunsticallie. A bigge fat lusty wench it is, that hath an arme like an Amazon, and will bang thee abhominably if euer shee catch thee in her quarters. It is not your *Poet Garish*, and your *forehorse of the parish* that shall redeeme you from her fingers, but shee will *make actiall prooffe of you*, according as you desire of God in the vnder following lines.

The next weeke Maister *Bird* (if his inke-pot haue a cleare current) hee will haue at you with a cap-casse full of French occurrences, that is, shapen you a messe of newes out of the second comse of his conceit, as his brother is laid out of the fabulous abundance of his braine to haue inuented the newes out of *Calabria*, (*Iohn Doletas* prophesie of flying dragons, comets, Earthquakes, and inundations.)

I am sure it is not yet worne out of mens scorn, for euery Miller made a comment of it, and not an oyster wife but mockt it.

When that fly-boat of Frenchery is once launcht, your trenchor attendant *Gamaliel Hobgoblin* intends to tickle vp a Treatise of the barly kurnell which you set in your garden, out of which there sprung (as you auouched) twelue seuerall eares of corne at one time.

Redoubted Parma was neuer so matcht if hee kindle the match of his meeeterdome, and let diue at him with a volley of verses. Let not his principalitie trust too much to it, because his name is Latin for a shield, for *Poet Hobbinoll* hauing a gallant wit and a brazen penne, will honourably betinke him, and euen ambitiously frame his stile to a noble emulation of *Liuius*, *Homer*, and the diuineſt spirites of all ages, as hee hath done to the emulation of *Tullus* heretofore, when hee

com-

Confuted.

compiled a Pamphlet, called *Ciceranis Consolatio ad Dolobellam*, and published it as a newe part of *Tullie*, which had bin hidde in a VVall a thousand and odde yeares and was found out by him before it euer found beeing.

The circumstance was this; going downe the water at Cambridge one summer euening, and asking certaine questions of the Eccho at Barnewell wall (as the manner is passing by) holding her verie narrowly to the poynt, she reuealed vnto him what a treasure shee had hidden amongst her stones; namely, this new part of *Gabrielis Ciceronis consolatio ad Dolobellam*: and though she was verie loath to disclose it, yet because shee knewe not how soone God might call her; *videlicet*, how sodainely shee might fall; to discharge her conscience before her death, shee would deliuer it vp as freely vnto him as euer it was hers, come and digge for it hee shoulde haue it. Neuer more glad was shee in her life, that since shee must needes surrender it to the light, she had chaunst vpon such a Cardinall Corrigidore of incongruitie, and *Tullies* nexte and immediate successour vnder *Carre*, to whose carefull repolishing she might commit it.

Keepe it quoth she?

No, if it were a booke of golde it is *THINE*, reade it, new print it, dedicate it *from thy gallery at Trinitie Hall* to whom thou wilt.

VVhether hee vse a spade or a mattocke for the vnburying of it I know not, but extant it is, and of a hundred I haue heard that it is his.

O *Gabriel*, if thou hast any manhood in thy starcht peake, looke vpon me and weepe not.

From this day forward shall a whole army of boies

Foure Letters

comewondring about thee as thou goest in the street and cry *kulleloo, kulleloo, with whup hoo*, there goes the Ape of *Tully*: uh he he, steale *Tully*, steale *Tully*, away with the Assle in the Lions skinne.

Nay but in sadnesse, is it not a sinfull thing for a Scholler & a Christian to turne *Tully*? a Turke would neuer doe it.

Be counsaile in thy calamitie, write no more *Consolatio ad Dolabellam*, but *Consolatio ad Doctore Ga- brielem*; thy selfe comfort thy selfe, and learn to make a vertue of contempt.

Ad ruentem parietem ne inclina, is a Prouerbe which would haue preuented all this, if thou couldst haue suffered thy selfe to haue beene directed by it: for first and formost hadst not thou stept forth to vnder-prop the ruinous wall of thy brothers reputation, I had neuer medled with thee; if thou hadst not leand too much to an olde wall, when thou pluckst *Tullie* out of a wall, the damnation of this leat had bin yet vnbegotten.

He that hath born saile in two tempests of shame, makes a sport of shippe-wracke of good name euer after.

The wall of the welfare of Fraunce that is started from her King, her true foundation, thy writings (more wretched than France) would faine cleaue vnto if they could: how, and count it a felicity to haue the oportunitie of so heroicall an argument.

God helpe *Alexander* if hee haue no other Poet to enblazon his atchieuements but *Cherillus*.

High resolved Earle of *Essex* and vertuous Sir *John Norris* Englands champions, enuied tranquillities confidence, vnworthy are your aduentures *Iliades* to bee reported by such a ragged reede, as the
iar-

Confuted.

iarring Pipe of this *Barillus*. The Portugals & Frenchmens feare will lend your Honors richer ornaments, than his low-flighted affection (fortunes summer to-lower) can frame them.

The scale that I set to your vertues be silence, the argument of prayse is vnauthorized in any mans mouth but o'le age.

V When the better paste of youthes seruence is boyld away, and that the showres of many sorrowes haue seasond our greene heads with experience, with the wither-tac'd weather-beaten Mariner, that talks quaking and shudderingly of a storme that hee hath newly toyl'd through, our wordes will bee written in our visage

Euen as the sunne, so no science shines in his compleate glory till it be ready to decline.

These be the conclusions that gray hairs prune & cut downe the prosperitie of yong yeares with as fast as it aspires, but let the seare Oake looke himsele in the glasse of truth, and he shal find that *Mesrusalems* blessing is imbecillitie bestowed on any creature but the Foxe, who neuer is a tight Foxe till he be ripe for the dunghill.

If my stile holde on this sober Mules pace but a sheete or two further, I shall haue a long beard lyke an Irish mantle droppe out of my mouth before I be aware.

Marry God forfend, for at no hand can I endure to haue my cheeks muffled vp in furre like a Muscouitan, or weate any of this V Velch freeze on my face.

O it is a miserable thing to dresse haire like tow twixt a mans teeth, when one cannot drinke but hee must thrust a great sponge into the cup, & so cleanse his coole porridge as it were through a strayner ere

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it comes to his lippes.

This second Epistle I haue said prettily well too,
I thinke we were best begin THIRDLY VVHERE-
AS, for feare a volume steale vpon vs vnlookt for.

The Arrainment and Exe-

cution of the third Letter.

*To euerie Reader favourably or indifferently
affected.*

TEXT stand to the Barre. Peace there belowe.
*Albeit for these twelue or thirteene yeares no
man hath bene more loath or more scrupulous
than my selfe &c.*

The body of mee hee begins like a proclamation :
sufficeth it wee knowe you your minde though you
say no more.

Is not this your drift? you would haue the worlde
suppose you were vrgde to that which proceeded of
your owne good nature : like some that will seeme to
bee intreated to take a high place of preferment vp-
pon them, which priuile before they haue prayde
and payde for, and put all their strength to clymbe
vp to.

You would foist in *non causam pro causa*, haue it
thought your flight from your olde companions ob-
scuretie and silence was onely with *Aeneas* to carry
your Father on your backe through the fire of slaun-
der, and by that shift with a false plea of patience vn-
iustly driuen from his kingdome, filch away the harts
of the Queenes liege people.

The backe of those creple excuses I haue broke

Confuted.

in the beginning of my booke, if you haue anie new
infringement to destitute the inditement of forgerie
that I bring against you, so it is.

Heere enters Argumentum a te-
stimonio humano, like *Tamberlaine* drawne in
a Chariot by foure Kings.

I THAT IN MY YOUTH FLATTERED NOT
MY SELFE VVITH THE EXCEEDING COM-
MENDATION OF THE GREATEST SCHOL-
LER IN THE VVORLD, &c.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus auena.

Ah neighbour hood, neighbour hood, dead and bu-
ried at thou with Robin hood, a poore creature here
is faine to commend himselfe, for want of friendes to
speake for him.

Not the least, but the greatest Schollers in the
VVORLD, haue not only but exceedingly fedde hun-
ger in his humor of *Braggadocchio Glorioso*.

Yea Spencer him hath often Homer tearmd,
And Mounser Bodkin vord as much as he:
Yet cares not *Nashe* for him a halfe peny.

Lamentable, lamentable, that an indifferent vn-
toward ciuill Lawyer, who hath read *Plutarch De v-*
tilitate capienda ab inimicis, & can talke of *Titius and*
Sempronius, should be no more set by, but SET BY,
thrust aside, while his betters carry the bredth of the
street before them.

Misery will humble the haughtiest heart in the
world: *Habemus reum confitentē*, he confesseth himself
a sinner in vn-sufficiency, yet for all that the aduersarie
of

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of vniuersall obloquy hath laide a heauie hand on him, still he retaineth (like conceald land) some part of his proud mind in a beggers purse, scorneth to say *Fortune my foe*, or aske a good word for Gods sake of anie man.

In the plainnesse of his puffed up nature, he will desie anie man that dare accuse him of that he is.

V Why, why, *infractisime* PISTLEPRAGMOS, though you were yong in yeares, fresh in courage, Greene in experience, and over-weaning in conceipt (we will refuse nothing that you giue vs) when you priuately wrote the letters, *that afterward* (by no other but your selfe) *were publicly diuulged*; yet when the bladder is burst that held you vp swimming in selfe loue, you must not be discontented though you sink.

I haue *toucht the vlcir of your Oratourship*, in requiring the nick-name of *the Devils Oratour*. An Vlcir you may well christen it, as an vlcir is a swelling, for it was a swelling of ambition, no *modest petition* of anie merit of yours that did craue it.

The olde Foxe Doctour Perne thoroughly discouered you for a yong Foppe, or else halfe a word of *our high Chancelors commendation* had stood with him inuiolable as an Act of Parliament.

Great men in writing to those they are acquainted with, haue priue watch-words of denyal, euen in the highest degree of praising; they haue many followers, whose dutifull seruice must not bee disgrac'd with a bitter repulse in anie suite though vnlawfull.

It may bee some of these long deseruers of his followers laboured him for thee, hee like *Argus* hauing eyes that pierce into all estates, saw thee when thou wert vnscene of thy selfe, and knowing thee to bee

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vnworthy of any place of worth, would not discountenance his men in so smal a matter, but writ for thee very vehemently outwardly, when the soule of his letter (into which thy shallowe braine could not descend) included thy vtter dislike.

Tong blond is hot, youth hastie, ingennitie open, abuse impatient, choller stomachous, temptations busie. In word, the Gentleman was vext, and cutte his bridle for verie anger.

The sickling and stirring inueltine vaine, the passing and swelling Satiricall spirit came vpon him, as it came on Coppinger and Arshington, when they mounted into the pease-cart in Cheape-side and preacht: needes hee must cast vp certayne crude humours of English Hexameter Verses that lay vpon his stomacke, a Noble-man stoode in his way as he was vomiting, and from top to toe he all to berayd him with *Tuscanisme*.

The Mappe of Cambridge lay not farre off when he was in the depth of his drudgery, some part of the excrements of his anger fell vpon it: poore Doctour *Pernes* picture stoode in a corner of that Mappe, and by the midemeanour of his mouth it was cleane defac'd.

Signior Immerito (so called, because *he was and is his friend* vnderferuedly) was counterfeitly brought in to play a part in that his Enterlude of Epistles that was hit at, thinking his very name (as the name of *Ned Allen* on the common stage) was able to make an ill matter good.

I durst on my credit vndertake, *Spencer* was no way priuie to the committing of them to the print. Committing I may well call it, for in my opinion *G. H.* should not haue reapt so much discredite by beeing

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committed to Newgate, as by committing that misbelceuing prose to the Presse.

I haue vially seene vncircumcised doltage haue the porch of his Paine pilfries very hugely pestred with praiesse. *Hay gee* (Gentlemen) comes in with his Plowmans whistle in prayse of *Peter Scurfe* the penne-man, and *Turlery gikes* in a light foote ligge libels in commendation of little witte verie losely: but foran Author to renounce his Christendome to write in his owne commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers and Godmothers gaue him in his baptisme, and call himselfe a *welwiller to both the writers*, when hee is the onely writer himselfe; with what face doe you thinke hee can aunswere it at the day of iudgement? *Est in te facies sunt apti lusibus anni*, *Gabryell*, thou canst play at fast and loose as well as a nie man in England.

I will not lye or backbite thee as thou hast done mee, but are not these thy wordes to the curious *Buyer*.

Shew mee or Immerito two English letters in print, in all pointes equall to these, both for the matter it selfe, and also for the manner of handling, and say wee neuer saw good English in our liues.

Againe, I esteeme them for two of the rarest and finest treaties, as well for ingenuons denising, as significant vitering, & cleanly conueying of his matter, that euer I read in this tongue, & I hartily thank God for bestowing upon vs such proper and able men with their penne.

You must conceit hee was in his chamber-fellowe *welwillers* cloke when he spake this, the white-liuerd slaue was modest, and had not the hart to say so much in his owne person, but he must put on the vizard of an *vnscrute friend*.

It

Confuted.

It is not worth the rehearſal, he ſcribled it in ieast for exerciſe of his ſpeech and ſtile, &c. and it was the ſiniſter hap of thoſe unfortunate letters to be derided & ſcoff at throughout the whole realme.

The ſharpeſt part of them were read over at Counſell Table, and he referd over to the Fleet to beare his old verſe-fellow noble M. Valanger company.

There was no remedie for it but melancholy patience.

A recantation he was glad to make by way of articles or poſitions, which hee moderates with a milder name of an *apologie*, & that recantation purchaſt his libertie. VVherefore in gratefull lieu of the benefite he receiu'd by it (*although he hath hitherto vnworthily ſuppreſt it*) yet he means to take occaſion by this extraordinary prowocation to publiſh it, with not ſo few as ſortie ſuch *Academicall exerciſes*, and ſundrie other *politi- like diſcourſes*.

And I deeme he will be as good as his word, for euer yet it hath beene his wont, if he writ but a letter to any friend of his, in the way of thanks for the potte of butter, gāmon of bacon, or cheeſe that he ſent him, ſtraight to giue coppies of it abroad in the world, and propound it to yong gentlemen he came in company with, as a more neceſſary & refined methode of familiar Epistles than the Engliſh tongue hath hitherto been priuy to.

Lord that men ſhoulde bee ſo maliciously bent to frame a matter of ſome thing, he takes a pleaſurable delight to behaue himſelf ſo that he may be laught at, how would you prate and inſult if you knewe as much by him, as he knows by himſelfe.

Nashe do thy worſt, the three brothers bid a Fico for thee, diſcommend thou them neuer ſo much, they will palpably praiſe, and ſo conſequently diſ-

Foure Letters

praise themselves more in one booke they set forth,
than thou canst disparage them in tenne: yea, rather
than faile, Maister *Bird* I shall leaue copying out let-
ters of newes, and meete it mischieuously in mainte-
nance of their scurnishship and ruditie.

Three to one *par ma foy* is oddes, not one of them
writes an Almanacke, but hee reckons vp all his bro-
thers.

Bee it spoken heere in priuate, *Musa Richardetti*
patriz at sat bene pretty: The Muse of dappert Dickie
doth sing as sweet as a cricket.

Noſti manum & stilum Gabriel: it is thine own verse
in *Aedes Valdinenſes*, all saue the inserting of pretty
in stead of *certe* for rimes sake.

Had Phisition *Iohn* liu'd, or not dyde a little afore
Dog-dayes, a sinode of Pispots would haue conclu-
ded, that *Pierce Pennileſſe* should be confounded with-
out retriue.

The Spanyards ca'd their inuasiue flecte agaynst
England the Nauie inuincible, yet it was overcome.
Lowe shrubbes haue outliu'd high Cedars, one true
man is stronger than two theecues, *Gabriell*, & *Richard*.
I proclaime open warres with you: March on, *Iocus*,
Ludus, *Lepos*, my valiant men at armes, and forrage
the frontiers of his *Fantasticallitie*, as you haue be-
gun.

Tubalcan aliàs *Tuball*, first founder of Farriers Hall,
heere is a great complaint made, that *virinſque A-*
cademia Robertus Greene hath mockt thee, because
hee saide, that as thou wert the first inuenter of Mu-
sicke, so *Gabriell Howliglasse* was the first inuenter of
English Hexameter verses. *Quid respondes*? canst thou
brooke it yea or no? Is it any treason to thy well tuned
hammers to say they began so renowned a childe as

Mu-

Confuted.

Musicke? Neither thy hammers nor thou I know if they were put to their booke oaths will euer say it.

The Hexamiter verse I graunt to be a Gentleman of an auncient house (so is many an english begger) yet this Clyme of ours hee cannot thrue in; our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in, hee goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running vpon quagmiers vp the hill in one Syl- lable and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately sinooth gate, which he vaunts himselfe with amongst the Greeks and Latins.

Homer, and Virgil, two valorous Authors, yet were they neuer knighted, they wrote in Hexameter verses: Ergo, Chaucer, and Spenser the Homer and Virgil of England, were farre ouerseene that they wrote not all their Poems in Hexamiter verses also.

In many Countries veluet and Satten is a commoner weare than cloth amongst vs, *Ergo* wee must leaue wearing of cloth, and goe euerie one in veluet and satten, because other Countries vse so.

The Text will not beare it good *Gilgillis Hobberde- boy.*

Our english tongue is nothing too good, but too bad so imitate the Greeke and Latine.

Master *Stannyhurst* (though otherwise learned) trod a foule lunnbring boystrous wallowing measures in his translation of *Virgil*. He had neuer been prais'd by *Gabriel* for his labour, if therein hee had not bin so famously absurd.

Greene for dispraising his practise in that kinde, Is the *Greene Maister of the blacke Art*, the *Founder of vglie oathes*, the *father of misbegotten Infortunatus*, the *Scriuener of Crossebiters*, the *Patriark of Shifters, &c.*

The Monarch of Crossebiters, the wretched fellowe

Four Letters

Prince of Beggars, Emperour of Shifters, hee had cald him before, but like a drunkē man that remembers not in the morning what he speaks ouernight, still he fetcheth Metaphors from Conny-catchers, & doth nothing but torment vs with tautologies.

Why thou arrant butter whore, thou cotqueane, & scrattop of scoldes, wilt thou neuer leaue afflicting a dead Carcasse, continually read the rethorick lecture of Ramme-Allie? a wispe, a wispe, a wispe, rippe, rippe you kitchin stuffe wrangler.

VVert thou put in the Fleete for pamphleting? Bedlem were a meeter place for thee. Be not ashamed of your promotion, they did you honor that said you were Fleete-bound, for men of honor haue saide in that Fleete.

VVast paper made thee betake thy selfe to *Limbo Patrum*, had it beene a booke that had beene vendible, yet, the opprobry had beene the lesse, but for Chandlers merchandize to be so massacred; for sheets that serue for nothing but to wrappe the excrements of huswiuerie in, *Proh Deum*, what a spite is it. I haue seene your name cutte with a knife in a wall of the Fleete I: when I went to visita friend of mine there. Let Maister *Butler* of Cambridge his testimoniall end this controuersie, who at that time that thy ioyes were in the Fleeting, and thou crying for the Lords sake out at an iron windowe, in a lane not farre from Ludgate hill, questiond some of his companions verie inquisitiuelie that were newlie come from London, what nouelties they brought home with them, amongst the rest he broke into this Hexamiter interrogatory very abruptlie.

But ah what newes doe you heare of that good Gabriel huffe snuffe, knowne to the world for a foole, and clapt in the Fleete for a Rimer.

Confuted.

Ist true *Gibraltar*, haue I found you, It was not without foundatiō that you burst into that magnifical insultation, I THAT IN MY YOUTH FLATTERED NOT MY SELFE, &c. for *M. Butler* for a Phisition being none of the least Schollers, hath commended you exceedingly for a foole & a Rimer. *He that threatned to censure vp Martins wit*, hath written some thing too in your praise in *Pap-hatchet*, for all you accuse him to haue courtlie incens'd the Earle of Oxford against you. Marke him well, hee is but a little fellow, but hee hath one of the best wits in England. Should he take thee in hand againe (as he flieth from such inferiour concertation) I prophecie that there would more gentle Readers die of a merrie mortality ingendred by the eternal iests he would maule thee with, than there haue done of this last infection. I my self that inioy but a mite of wit in comparison of his talēt, in pure affection to my natieue country, make my stile carry a presse saile, am faine to cut off half the streame of thy sport-breeding confusion, for feare it shoulde cause a generall hicker throughout England. *Greene* I can spare thy reuenge no more roome in this book, thou hast Phisitio *John* with thee, cope thou with him & let me alone with the Ciuilian & Deuine, whom if I liue I will so vncessantly haunt, that to auoid the hot chase of my fierie quill, they shalbe constrained to ensconse themselves in an olde *Vrinall* case that their brother left behind him. Yet ere I bid thee good night, receiue some notes as touching his phisicallity deceased. *He had his grace to be Doctor ere he died*. As time may worke all things. *In Norfolke where hee practised he was reputed a proper toward man at a medecine for the toothake, & one of the skilfullest Phisitions in calling the heauens water that ener came there.*

How

Foure Letters

*How well beloued of the chiefeſt Gentlemen (& Gentlewomen eſpecially) in that ſhire, it is incredible to bee ſpoken. *Aſtra petit deſertus*, hee is gone to heauen to write more Aſtologicall diſcourſes, his brothers liue to inherite his olde gownes, and remember his notable ſayings, amongſt the which this was one: *Vale Galene*, farewell mine owne deare *Gabriell: Valeta humana artes*, heart and good will, but neuer a ragge of money.*

Tunc tuas res agitnr paries cum proximus ardet.
Cloth-breeches houſe is burnt, and the flame goes a ſeaſting to *Pierce Pennileſſe* houſe next.

Neuer til now, *Gregory Habbardine*, went thy foure letters vp Newgate, vp Holburne, vp Tiburne, to hanging.

Gentlemen, by that which hath been already laid open, I doe not doubt but you are vnwateringly reſolued, this indigeſted Chaos of Doctourſhip, and greedy pothunter after applauſe, is an apparant Publican and ſinner, a ſelfe-loue ſurfetted for, a broken-winded galdbacke lade, that hath borne vp his head in his time, but now is quite foundred & tired, a ſcholler in nothing but the ſcum of ſchollerſhip, a ſtale ſoaker at *Tullies Offices*, the droane of droanes, and maiſter drumble-bee of non proficientes. VVhat hath he wrote but hath had a wofull end? VVhen did he diſpute but hee duld all his auditorie? his Poetry more ſpiritleſſe than ſmal beere, his Oratory Arts baſtard, not able to make a man raiſhingly weepe, that hath an Onion at his eye. In Latin like a louſe he hath manie legges, many lockes ſleec'd from *Tullie* to carry away and cloath a little body of matter, but yet hee moues but ſlowly, is apparai'd verie poore'y.

In Engliſh, ice is not ſo cold, yet on theice of ignorance

Confuted.

rance will he slide. No wise man pittie him that perisheth so wilfully.

Iudge the world, iudge the highest Courts of appeale from the miscarried worlds iudgement (Cambridge and Oxford) wherein I haue trespassed in *Pierce Pennilesse*, that hee should talke of *gnashing of teeth*, *yong Phaetons*, *yong Icar*, *yong Chorebi*, *young Babingtons*.

Neuer was I in earnest til thus he twitted me with the comparison of a traitour.

Babington, high was thy birth, I a bondslaue of fortune in comparison of thee, thy fall greater than *Phaetons*, thy offence as heynous as *Indasses*. May neuer more such foule seeds of offence be sowne in so faire a shape, may they be markt alwayes to mischiefe that meane as thou didst. The braunches of thy stocke remaines yet vnblasted with anie disobedience. God forbid that our forehades should for euer bee blotted with our forefathers misdemeanors. Die ill deeds with your vngratious ill dooers, the liuing haue no portion with the dead, hell once paid his due, heauen gates are open to succeeding posteritie.

Prate of *Pierce Pennilesse* and his patrie as long as thou wilt, I will play at put-pinne with thee for all that thou art woorth, but of thy betters gette thee a better discoursing penne before thou descames of.

L. *Greenes inwardest companion pinched with want, vexed with discredit, tormented with other mens felicitie, and ouerwhelmed with his owne miserie, in a raving and frantike moode, most desperately exhibiterh a Supplication to the Deuill.*

C. Heerein thou thinkest thou hast won the spurs from all writers, but God and Dame Fiction knows

H

thou

Foure Letters

thou art farre wide of thy ayme; for neither was I *Greene's* companion any more than for a carowse or two, nor pinch't with any vngentleman-like want, when I inuented *Pierce Peniſſeſſe*.

Pauper non est cui rerum suppetit usus: only the discontented meditation of learning generally now a dayes little valued, and her professors let at naught & dishartened, caused mee to handle that plaintife subject more seriously.

Vext with discredit (Gabriel) I neuer was as thou hast beene euer since *Familiaritas peperit contemptū*, thy familiar epistles brought thee in contempt.

Though I haue beene pinched with want (as who is not at one time or another *Pierce Peniſſeſſe*) yet my muse neuer wept for want of maintenance as thine did in *Musarum lachryma*, that was miserably flouted at in *M. Winkfields* Comœdie of *Pedantius* in Trinitie Colledge.

How am I tormented with other mens felicitie, otherwise thā saying, I know a Cobler that was worth five hundred pound, an hostler that had built a goodly Inne, & might dispend forty pound yearely by his land, a Carman that had whipt a thousand pound out of his horse taile; if I had likewise reckon'd vp a ropemaker, that by tormenting of hempe, & going backward (which the Deuill would nere doe) had turn'd as many Mill sixpences ouer the thumbe, as kept three of his sonnes at Cambridge a long time, & that which is more, three proud sonnes, that when they met the hangman (their Fathers best chapman) would scarce put of their hats to him, why then thou shouldst haue had some colour of quarell, thy accusatiō might iustly haue enterd his title *pro aris & focis*, whereas now it is frauolous and forcelesse.

The

Confuted.

The sharpest wits I perceiue haue none of the best memories, if they had, thou wouldst nere haue toucht mee with tormenting my selfe with other mens felicitie; for how didst thou torment thy selfe with other mens felicitie, when in the 28. Page of thy first tomo of Epistles thou exclaimst *that in no age so little was so much made of, nothing aduauunst to be something, Numbers made of Ciphars*, that is by interpretatiō, all those that were aduauunst either in the Court or commonwealth at that time, had little to commend them, nothing in account worthy preferment, but were meere meacocks & Ciphars in comparison of thy excellent out-cast selfe that liu'dst at Cambridge vnmounted.

Hang thee, hang thee, thou common coofener of curteous readers, thou grolleshifter for shitten tapsterly iests, haue I imitated Tarltons play of *the seauen deadly sinnes in my plot of Pierce Pennesse*? whom hast thou not imitated then in the course of thy booke? thou hast borrowed aboute twenty phrases and epithites from mee, which in sober sadnesse thou makst vse of as thy owne, when thou wouldst exhort more effectuall.

Is it lawfull but for one preacher to preach of the ten commandements? hath none writ of the siue senses but *Aristotle*? was sinne so vtterly abolished with *Tarltons* play of the seuen deadly sins, that ther could be nothing said *supra* of that argument?

Canst thou exemplifie vnto mee (thou in.potent mote-catching carper) one minnum of the particular deuice of his play that I purloind? There be manie men of one name that are nothing a kindred. Is there any further distribution of sins, not shadowed vnder these 7. large spreading branches of iniquity, on which a man may worke, and not tread on *Tarltons*

Foure Letters

hecles. If not, what blemish is it to *Pierce Pennilesse* to begin where the Stage doth end, to build vertue a Church on that foundation that the Deuill built his Chappell.

Gabriell, if there bee anie witte or industrie in thee, now I will dare it to the vttermost : write of what thou wilt, in what language thou wilt, and I will confute it and answer it. Take truths part, and I will proue truth to be no truth, marching out of thy dūg-voiding mouth.

Diuinitie I except, which admits no dalliance : but in any other art or profession, of which I am not yet free, and thou shalt challenge me to trie maistries in, Ile bind my selfe Prentise too, and studie thoroughly, though it neuer stande mee in any other stead while I liue but to make one reply, only because I wil haue the last word of thee.

I would count it the greatest punishment that *In speech* could lay vpon mee, to be bound to studie the Danish tongue, which is able to make any Englishman haue the mumpes in his mouth, that shall but plunge through one full point of it, yet the Danish tongue, or any Turks, or hogs, or dogs tongue whatsoever would I learne rather than bee put downe by such a ribauldry *Don Diego* as thou art.

Heigh drawer, fil vs a freish quart of *new-found phrases*, since *Gabriell* saies we borrow all our eloquence from *Tauerns* : but let it be of the mighty *Bordeaux* grape, pure *vino de monte* I coniure thee, by the same token that the *Devils danncing schoole in the bottome of a mans purse that is emptie*, hath beene a gray-beard Prouerbe two hundred yeares before *Tarlton* was borne : Ergo no gramercy Dicke *Tarlton*. But the *summe of summes is this*, I drinke to you *M. Gabriell*,

OR

Confuted.

on that condition, that you shall not excruciate your
braine to be conceited and haue no wit.

Since we are here on our prating bench in a close
roome, and that there is none in company but you
my approoued good friends *four Letters and certain
Sonnets* your Pages; I will rehearse vnto you some
part of the Methode of my demeanour in *Pierce
Pennileffe*.

First, inso much as the principall scope of it is a most
liuelie anatomic of sinne, the diuell is made speciall
superuifor of it, to him it is dedicated, as if a man
shoulde compile a curious examined discouerie of
whoredome, and dedicate it to the quarter Maisters
of Bridewell, because they are best able to punish it.

Wherefore as there is no fire without some smoke;
no complaint without some precedent cause of ag-
grecuance; I introduce in a discontented Schol-
ler vnder the person of *Pierce Pennileffe*, tragicallie
exclaiming vpon his partial-eid fortune, that kept an
Almes boxe of compassion in store for euery one but
him-selfe. He tels how he tost his imagination like a
dogge in a blanket, searcht euerie corner of the
house of Charitie to see if he could light on any that
would set a new nappe of an old threedbare Cloake:
but like him that hauing a letter to deliuer to a Scot-
tish Lorde, when hee came to his house to enquire
for him found no bodie at home but an ape that sat
in the Porch and made mops and mows at him; so he
deliuering his vnperusde papers to Powles Church-
yard, the first that took them vp was the Ape *Gabriel*,
who made mops and mows at them, beslaueing the
outside of them a little, but could not enter into the
contents, which was an ase beyonde his vnderstan-
ding.

Four Letters

VWith the first and second leafe hee plaies verie pretillie, and in ordinarie termes of extenuating, veridits *Pierce Pennilesse for a Grammar Schoole wit*; saies *his Margine is as deepe as learmed as Faulte pæcor gelida*, that *his Muse sobbeth and groneth vorse piteouslie*, bids him not cast himself headlong into the horrible gulph of desperation, comes ouer him that hee is a creature of wonderfull hope as his own inspired courage dumsely suggesteth, wils him to inchaunt some magnificent Mecenas to honour himselfe in honouring him, with a hundred such grace wanting Ironies cutte out against the woll, that woulde ieopard the best ioint of *Poetica licentia* to procure laughter, when there crickled crabbed countenance (the verie resemblance of a sodden dogges face) hath sworne it woulde neuer consent therevnto.

Not the most exquisite thing that is, but the Couñsel Table Assie Richard Clarke, may so Carterly deride.

Euerie Milke-made can gird, with Ist true? How saie you lo? who would haue thought it? Good Beare bite not? A man is a man though hee hath but a hofe on his head.

No such light paiment *Gabriel* hast thou at my hands; I tell thee where, when, and how thou shewdst thy selfe a Dunsiuall.

Onely externall defects thou casts in my dish, nothing internall in thee, but I prooue that it is altogether excrementall.

A fewe Elegeicall verses of mine thou pluckest in pieces most ruthfullie, and quotes them against mee as aduantageable, together with some dismembred Margine notes, but all is inke cast away, you recouer no costs and charges. With one minuts studie he destroie more, than thou art able to build in ten daies.

Squeise

Confuted.

Squeisethy heart into thy inkehorne , and it shall but congeal into clodderdgarbage of confutatiō, thy soule hath no effects of a soule, thou canst not sprinkle it into a sentence, & make euerie line leape like a cup of neat wine new powred out, as an Orator must doe that lies aright in wait for mens affections.

VVhome hast thou wonne to hate mee by light crawling ouer my Text like a Cankerworme.

Some superficial slime of poison hast thou driueled from thy pen in thy shallow scoted sliding through my *Supplication*, which one pen ful of repurified inke will excessiuele wash out. Shall I informe thee (that vnfruitfullie endeuorst to informe authoritie against me) why I infixed those Poeticall latine margēt notes to some fewe pages in the beginning of *Pieces Pennilesses*? I did it to explaine to such expected spiefaults as thou art , that it was no vncouth abhorrencie from the custome of former writers , for a man openly to bewaile his vnderferued ill destenie.

In the vncaising of thy brother *Richard*, I calculated the Natiuitie of the *Astrologically Discourse*, I apparentlie suggested what a lewd piece of Prophecie it was, I registred the infinite scorne that the whole Realme intertaind it with, the Adages that ran vpon it, *Tarltons* and *Eldertons nigrum* THETA set to it, yet wilt thou that art the sonne and heire to shamelesse impudence, the vnlineall vsurper of iudgement from all his true owners, the HOYDEN and pointingstock recreation of Trinitie hall, *Vanitas vanitatis & omnia vanitas*, inuest that in the highest throne of Art and Schollership , which ascrutinie of so manie millions of wel discerning condemnations hath concluded to be viler, than newesmongrie, & that which is vilest of all, no lesse vile than thy Epistles.

Most

Foure Letters

Most voices, most voices, most voices; who is on my side who? VWhether is the *Astrologicall Discourse* a better booke than *Pierce Pennileffe*? Gabriel hang-telow saies it is, I am the Defendant, and denie it, and yet I doe not ouercull my owne workes: His asletri-on he countermures thus.

Pierce Pennileffe is a man better acquainted with the Diuel of hell, than the Starres of Heauen: Ergo, the Astrologicall Discourse is better than the notorious diabolicall discourse of Pierce Pennileffe.

Once againe I denie his Argument to bee of lawfull age. *Pierce Pennileffe* is a better Star-munger than a Diuel-munger, which needeth no other FOR to corroborate it but this, that my yea, at all times is as good as his nay.

How is the *Supplication* a diabolicall Discourse, o-therwise than as it intreats of the diuerse natures and properties of Diuels and spirits; in that far fetcht sense may the famous *defensatus against supposed Prophecies*; and the *Discoverie of Witchcraft* be called notorious Diabolicall discourses, as well as the *Supplication*, for they also intreate of the illusions and sundrie operations of spirits: Likewise may I say that those his foure Letters nowe on their triall are foure notorious lowlie Discourses, because they lyingly discourse little else saue *Greenes* lowlie estate before his death.

M. *Churchyard* our old quarrel is renewed when nothing elsie can bee fastned on mee, this Letter leapper vp braideth mee with *crying you mercie*, I cannot tell, but I think you will haue a saying to him for it. Ther's no reason that such a one as he should presume to intermeddle in your matters, it cannot be done with any intent but to stirre mee vp to write against you a
fresh

Confuted.

fresh, which nothing vnder heau'n shall draw mee to doe. I loue you vntainedly, and admire your aged Muse, that may well be grand-mother to our grand-eloquentest Poets at this present.

Sanctum & venerabile vetus omne Poema.

Shores wife is yong, though you be steep in yeares, in her shall you liue when you are dead.

For that vnaduised indammagement I haue done you heretofore, Ile be your champion hence forward against any that dare write against you. Onely as euer you would light vpon a good cuppe of old sacke when you are most drie, pocket not vp this slie abuse at a rakehell rampalions hands, one that when an iniurie is deepe buried in the graue of obliuion, shall seeke to digge it vp againe, recall that into mens memories which was consumed and forgotten.

Whoreson Ninuhammer, that wilt assault a man & haue no stronger weapons.

The Italian saith, a man must not take knowledge of iniurie till he be able to reuenge it.

Nay but in plaine good fellowship, art thou so innocent & vnconceiuing, that thou shouldst ere hope to dash mee quite out of request by telling mee of the Counter, and my hostesse Penia.

I yeeld that I haue dealt vpon spare commodities of wine and capons in my daies, I haue sung *George Gascoignes* Counter-tenor, what then? VVilt thou peremptorily define that it is a place where no honest man, or Gentleman of credit euer came?

Heare what I say, a Gentleman is neuer thoroughly entred into credit till he hath beene there; & that Poet or nouice, be hee what he will, ought to suspect his wit, and remaine halfe in a doubt that it is not authenticall, till it hath beene scene and allowd in vn-

Foure Letters

thriffts confistory.

Grande doloris ingenium. Let fooles dwell in no stronger houses than their Fathers built them, but I protest I should neuer haue writ passion well, or beene a peece of a Poet, if I had not arriu'd in those quarters.

Trace the gallantest youthes and brauest reuellers about Towne in all the by-paths of their expence, & you shall vnfallibly finde, that once in their life time they haue visited that melancholy habitation.

Come come, if you will goe to the sound truth of it, there is no place of the earth like it to nake a man wife.

Cambridge and Oxford may stande vnder the el-bowe of it.

I vow if I had a sonne, I would sooner send him to one of the Counters to learne lawe, than to the Innes of Court or Chauncery.

My hostesse Penia, thats a bugges word, I pry thee what Morrall hast thou vnder it? I will depose if thou wilt that till now I neuer heard of anie such English name.

There is a certaine thing cald *christian veritie*, & another hight *common sense*, and a third cleapt *humilitie*, they are more requisite and necessary for thee, than *modestie or discretion for mee and my companions*, of which would thou shouldst vnderstand, we are so well provided, that we can lend thee and thy brother *Richard* a great deale, and yet keepe more than wee shall haue need of for our selues.

V Vilt thou be so hardy and iron-visaged, to gaim-say that thy brother Vicars Bachelours hood was not turned ouer his eares for abusing of *Aristotle*, I know thou hast more grace than so, thou dost not contra-

dict

Confuted.

dict it flatly, but stubbers it ouer faintly, and comes
to re capitulate not confute some of the phrases I vnde
in the vnhandsome of his diuinitie ship.

I my selfe in the same order of disgracing thou sin
gles them forth will haue them vp againe, and see if
thou or anie man can absurdifie the worst of them.

I say, and will make it good, that in the Astrologi
call discourse thy brother (as if hee had lately cast the
heau'ns water, or beene at the anatomizing of the skies
intrailes in Surgeons hall) prophesieth of such strange
wonders to ensue from the starres distemperature, and
the vnusuall adulterie of plannets, as none but hee that
is bawd to those celestiaall bodie could euer descrie.

This too I will ratifie for truthable & legible En
glish, that his Astronomy broke his day with his credi
tors, and Saturne & Iupiter prou'd honestier men than
all the world tooke them for.

That the whole Uniuersitie hist at him, Tarlton at
the Theater made teases of him, and Elderton consu
med his ale crammed nose to nothing, in beare-baiting
him with whole bunnels of Ballads.

All this he barely repeates without any disproue
ment or denudation at all, as if it were so lame in it
selfe, that it wou'd aduiliatate it selfe with the onelie
rehearfall of it.

For the gentilitie of the *Nasbes* (though it might
seeme a humor borrowed from thee to bragge of it)
yet some of vs who neuer sought into it til of late, can
proue the extancy of our auncestors before there was
euer a ropemaker in England. Wee can vaunt larger
petigrees than patrimonies, yet of such extrinsecall
things common to tenne thousand calues and oxen,
would not I willingly vaunt, only it hath pleased M.
Printer both in this booke and *Pierce Pennilessse*, to

Foure Letters

intaille a vaine title to my name, which I care not for, without my consent or priuie I here auouch.

But on the gentilitie of *T. N.* his beard, the maister Butler of Pembroke hall, till I will stand to the death; for it is the vely prince Elestor of peaks, a beard that I cannot bee perswaded but was the Emperour *Dionisius* his, surnamed the Tyrant, when hee playde the schoolemaister in Corinth.

Gabriell, thou hast a pretie polwigge sparrows tay'e peake, yet maist thou not compare with his: thy Father, for all by thy owne confession *hee makes haire*s, had neuer the art to twilt vp such a grim triangle of haire as that.

Be not offended honest *T. N.* that I am thus bold with thee, for I affect thee for the names sake as much as any one man can do another, and know thee to be a fine fellow, and fit to discharge a farre higher calling than that wherein thou liu'st.

VVhat more stufte lurketh behind in this letter to be distributed into shop-dust?

Pierce Pennilesse is as childish and garish a booke as euer came in print; when he talks of the sheepish discourse of the Lambe of God and his enemies, he saies, it is monstrous and absurd, and not to bee sufferd in a Christian congregatiō; that Richard hath scumd ouer the school-men, and of the froth of their folly made a dish of Diuinitie byewesse which the Dogs would not eate.

If he saide so (as hee did) and can proue it (as hee hath done) by Saint *Lubecke* then *The Lambe of God* is as childish and garish stufte as euer came in print indeede.

I but how doth *Pierce Pennilesse* expiate the coinquination of these obiections.

Richard, whom (because he is his brother, he therefore

Confuted.

fore censures more curious and rigorous, in calling him M. H. than hee would haue done otherwise) red the Philosophie Lecture in Cambridge with good liking and singular commendation, when *Aperse* a was not so much as *Idoneus auditor ciuilis scientiæ*, Ergo, the Lambe of God beares a better Fleece than hee giues out it doth.

Aperse a is improoued nothing since, excepting his old Flores Poetarum, and Tarletons surmounting rethorique, with a little enphuisme and Greenesse inough.

Gabriel reports him to the fauourablest opinion of those that know *Aperse* a his Prefaces, rimes, and the very companie of his Tarletonizing wit his Supplication to the Diuel.

Quiet your selues a litle my Maisters, and you shal see mee dispearse all those cloudes well inough. That *Richard* red the Philosophie Lecture at Cambridge, I doe not withstand, but how?

Verie Lentenlie and scantlie, (farre bee it wee shu'd slander him so much as his brother *Richard* hath done, to saie he read it with good liking and singulartie.) Credite mee, any that hath but a little refuse *Colloquium* Latine, to interseame a Lecture with, and can saie but *Quapropter vos mei auditores* may reade with equiualent commendation and liking.

I remember him woondrous well. In the chiefe pompe of that his false praise, I both heard him and heard what was the vniuerfall slender valuation of him.

There was eloquent *Maister Knox*, (a man whose losse all good learning can neuer sufficiently deplore) twas he and one *Maister Jones* of Trinitie Colledge, that in my time with more speciall approbation conuerst in those Readings.

Foure Letters

Since I haue heard of two rare yong men *M. Meriton* and another, that in supplying that place of succession haue surmounted all former mediocritie, and wonne themselues an euerlasting good name in the Vniuersitie.

These thou shouldst haue memoriz'd if any, but thou art giuen to speake well of none but thy selfe and thy two brothers.

Thrice fruitfull *S. Iohns*, how many hundred perfecter Schollers than the three brothers hast thou nurs't at thy paps, that yet haue not shakte off obscuritie?

Mellifluous *P L A Y F E R E* one of the chief props of our aged, & auntingest, & absolute Vniuersities present flourishing. V Where doe thy supereminent gifts shine to themselues, that the Court cannot bee acquainted with them.

Few such men speake out of Fames highest Pulpits, though out of her highest Pulpits speake the purest of all speakers.

Let me adde one word, and let it not bee thought derogatorie to anie, I cannot bethinke mee of two in England in all things comparable to him for his time. Seldome haue I beheld so pregnant a pleasaunt wit coupled with a memorie of such huge incomprehensible receipt, deepe reading and delight better mixt than in his Sermons.

Sed quorsum hac, how doe these digressions linke in with our *Subiectum circa quod?*

Flaunting *Richard* and his Philosophie Lecture, was vnder our fingers euen now, howsoeuer wee haue lost him. Hold the candle, and you shall see me cast a figure for him extempore: Oh hoh, I haue founde him without any further seeking. Giue me your eares

Confuted.

To Paan, God saue them they are long ones.

Now betweene you and me declare as if you were at shrift, whether you be not a superlatiue blocke for al you readd the Philosophie Lecture at Cambridge: Briefflie, briefflie, let mee not stand all daie about you.

His conscience accuseth him, hee is stroke starke dumbe, onely by signes he craues to bee admitted *in forma pauperis* that we should let him passe for a pore fellow, and he will sell his birthright in learning with *Esan* for a messe of porridge.

Cura lenes loquuntur, he hath but a litle cure to look too. *Maiores stupent*, more liuing wou'd make him studie more.

For this once wee dispence with you because you look so penitentlie on it, but let not me catch you selling any more such twise sodden sawdust diuinitie as *the Lambe of God and his enemies*, for if I do, Ile make a dearth of paper in Pater-noster-rowe (such as was not this seauen yeare) onelie with writing against thee.

A perſe a can doe it, tempt not his clemencie too much.

A perſe a?

Passion of God howe came I by that name; my godfather *Gabriel* gaue it mee, and I must not refuse it. Nor if you were priuie whence it came would you hold it worthe to be refused, for before I had the reuerſion of it hee bestow'd it on a Noble man, whose new fashiond apparrell, and *Tuscanish gestures*, *cringing sdenoeke*, *eyes glancing*, *ſisnomie smerking*, hauing described to the full, he concludes with this verse,
Euerie inch A perſe a his termes and braueries in print.

Hold you your peace *Nasbe*: that was before you were *Idonens auditor ciuilis ſcientia*. It may bee so, forthou wert a Libeller before I was borne. Yet vn-

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der correction bee it spoken, I haue come to the schooles and purg'd rheume many a time, when your brother was Philosophie Lecturer, he wanted no *supplous pedū* to spend away his houre that I could help him with.

What since I am improued you partly haue prooued to your cost, and may doe more at large if God send vs more leysure.

As for *Flores Poetarum*, they are flowers that yet I neuer finelt too. He pawne my hand to a halfe penny I haue readd more good Poets thorough, than thou cuer hardst off.

The floures of your *Four Letters* it may be I haue ouerlookt more narrowlie, and done my best deuoir to assemble them together into patheticall posie, which I will here present to Maister Orator Edge for a Newyeares gift, leauing them to his wordie discretion to be censured whether they be currant in inkehornisme or no.

Conscious mind: canicular tales: egregious an argument: when as egregious is neuer vsed in english but in the extreame ill part. Ingenuitie: Ioniall mind: varlarous Authors: inkehorne aduentures: inkehorne pads: putative opinions: putative artists: energeticall persuasions: Rascallitie: materiallitie: artificiallitie, Fantasticallitie: diuine Emielechy: loud Menterly: deceitfull perfidy: addicted to Theory: the worlds great Incendiarie: frenizid furies: soueraigntie immense: abundant Canteles: cantealous and aduentrou: cordiall liquor: Catilinaries and Phillipicks: perfunctorie discourses: Davids sweetnes olimpique: The Idee high and deepe Abisse of excellence: The only Unicorne of the Muses: the Aretinish mountaine of huge exaggerations: The gracious law of Amnesty: amicable termes: amicable end:

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*end: Effectuate: addoulce his melodie: Many polime-
chany: extensiuely emploid: precious Traynment: No-
nelles: Notoriety negotiation: mechanician.*

Nor are these all, for euery third line hath some of this ouer-rackt absonisme. Nor do I altogether scum off all these as the newe ingendred some of the English, but allowe some of them for a neede to fill vp a verse; as *Traynment*, and one or two wordes more, which the libertie of prose might well haue spar'd. In a verse, when a worde of three sillables cannot thrust in but fidelings, to ioynt him euen, we are oftentimes faine to borrowe some lesser quarry of elocution from the Latine, alwaies retaining this for a principle, that a leake of indefinence as a leake in a shippe, must needly bee stoppt, with what matter soeuer.

Chancers authoritie I am certaine shal be allcadgd against mee for a many of these baldustums. Had *Chancer* liu'd to this age, I am verily perswaded hee wou'd haue discarded the tone halfe of the harsher sort of them,

They were the Oouse which overflowing barbarisme, withdrawne to her Scottish Northren chanell, had left behind her. Art like yong grasse in the spring of *Chancers* flourishing, was glad to peepe vp through any slime of corruption, to be beholding to she car'd not whome for apparaile, traauiling in those colde countries. There is no reason that shee a banisht Queene into this barraine soile, hauing monarchizd it so long amongst the Greeks and Romanes, shou'd (although warres furie had humbled her to some extremitie) still be constrained when she hath recouerd her state, to weare the robes of aduersitie, iet it in her old rags, when she is wedded to new prosperitie.

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De re moribus praeceptoris, saith Caius Caesar in Aulus Gellius, loquere verbis presentibus.

Thou art mine enemy *Gabriel*, and that which is more, a contemptible vnder-foote enemy, or else I would teach thy olde *Tremantship* the true vse of words, as also how more inclinable verse is than prose to dance after the horizonant pipe of inueterate antiquitie.

It is no matter, since thou hast brought godly instruction out of loue with thee, vse thy own destruction, raigne sole Emperour of inkehornisine, I wish vnto thee all superabundant increase of the singular gifts of absurditie, and vaine glory: from this time forth for euer, euer, euer, euermore maiest thou be canonized, as the *Nunparreille* of impious epistlers, the short shredder out of sandy sentences without lime, as *Quintillian* tearmed *Seneca* all lime, and no sande; all matter, and no circumstance, the factor for the Fairies, and night Vrchins, in supplanting and setting aside the true children of the English, and suborning inkehorne changlings in their steade, the galimafrer of all stiles in one standish, as imitating euerie one, & hauing no seperate forme of writing of thy owne; and to conclude, the onely feather-driuer of phrases, and putter of a good word to it when thou hast once got it, that is betwixt this and the Alpes. So bee it worlde without ende. Chroniclers heare my prayers. Good Maister *Store* be not vnmindfull of him.

Thats well remembred, now I talke of Chroniclers, I founde the Astrologicall discourse the other night in the Chronicle. *Gabriel* will outface vs it is a worke of such deepe arte & iudgement, when it is expressly past vnder record for a coofening prognostication. The wordes are these, though somewhat abrevi-

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breuiated; for he makes a long circumlocution of it.

In the yeare 1583. by meanes of an Astrologicall discourse vpon the great and notable coniunction of Saturne and Iupiter, the common sort of people were almost dzu'n out of their wits, and knew not what to doe: but when no such thing hapned, they fell to their former securitie, and condemned the discourser of extreame madnesse and follie.

Ipsissima sunt Aristotelis verba, they are the verie words of *Iohn Tell-troth* in the 1357. folio of the last edition of the great Chronicle of England.

Mehercule quidem, if it be so taken vp, *Pierce Pennileffe* may well cast his cappe after it for euer ouertaking it. But some thing euen now *Gabriell* thou wert girding against my *prafaces and rimes*, and the *timpanie* of my *Tarltonizing* wit.

VVell these be your words, *prafaces and rimes*, leeme studie a little *prafaces and rimes*. *Minime vero; si au nego*. I neuer printed rime in my life but those verses in the beginning of *Pierce Pennileffe*, though you haue set foorth,

The stories quains of manie a doutie flie,

That read a lecture to the venious elfe.

And so forth as followeth in chambling rowe.

Præfates two, or a paire of Episties I will receyue into the protection of my parentage, out of both which, sucke out one *solacisme* or mishapen English word if thou canst for thy guts.

VVherein haue I borrowed from *Greene* or *Tarlton*, that I should thank them for all I haue? Is my stile like *Greenes*, or my ieaits like *Tarltons*? Do I talke of any counterfeite birds, or hearbs, or stones, or rake vp any new-found poetry from vnder the wals of *Troy*? If I do, trip mee with it; but I doe not, therefore Ile

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beso fauſy as trip you with the grand lie. Ware ſtumbling of whetſtones in the darke there my maiſters.

This I will proudly boaſt (yet am I nothing a kindred to the three brothers) that the vaine which I haue (be it a *median* vaine, or a madde man) is of my owne begetting, and ca's no man father in England but my ſelfe, neyther *Euphues*, nor *Tarlton*, nor *Greene*.

Not *Tarlton* nor *Greene* but haue beene contented to let my ſimple iudgement ouerrule them in ſome matters of wit. *Euphues* I readd when I was a little ape in Cambridge, and then I thought it was *Iſſe ille*, it may be excellent good ſtill for ought I know, for I looke not on it this ten yeare: but to imitate it I abhorre, otherwiſe than it imitates *Plutarch*, *Onid*, and the choiſeſt Latine Authors.

If you be aduiſde I tooke *ſhortest vowels and longest mutes* in the beginning of my booke as ſuſpicious of being acceſſarie to the making of a Sonnet where to Maſter *Chriſtopher Birds* name is ſet, there I ſaide that you mute forth many ſuch phraſes in the courſe of your booke which I would point at as I paſt by: Heere I am as good as my word, for I note that thou beeing aſtraide of beraying thy ſelfe with writing, *wouldeſt ſaine bee a mute*, when it is too late to repent. Againe, thou reuielt on vs and ſaiſt, *that mutes are, courſed and vowels haunted*. Thou art no mute, yet ſhalt thou be haunted and courſed to the full. I will neuer leaue thee as long as I am able to liſt a pen.

Whether I ſeek to bee counted a terrible bulbegger or no, Ile baite thee worſe than a bull ſo that the thou ſhalt deſire ſome body on thy knees to helpe thee with letters of commendation to *Bull* the hangman, that he may diſpatch thee out of the way before
more

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more affliction come vpon thee.

All the inuettine and satericall spirits shall then bee thy familiars, as the furies in hell are the familiars of finfull gholts to follow them and torment them without intermission : thou shalt bee double girt with girds, and scost at till those that stand by do nothing but cough with laughing.

Thou saiest I professe the art of railing, thou shalt not say so in vaine, for if there bee any art or depth in it, more than *Aretine* or *Agrippa* haue discovered or diu'd into, looke that I will found it and search it to the vttermost, but ere I haue done with thee ile leaue thee the miserablest creature that the sunne euer sawe.

There is no kind of peaceable pleasure in poetrie, but I can drawe equally in the same yoke with the haughtiest of those foule-mouthd backbiters, that say I can do nothing but raile.

I haue written in all sorts of humors priuately I am perswaded, more than any yoong man of my age in England.

The weather is cold, and I am wearie with confuting, the remainder of the colde contents of this Epistle be these.

He enuiously inuaduors since he cannot reuenge himselfe to incense men of high calling against me, and wold inforce it into their opinions, that whatsoeuer is spokē in *Pierce Pennilesse*, concerning *Peasants*, *Clownes* & *hipocriticall hot-spurs*, *Midas*, *Buckram Giants*, & the mightie Prince of darkenesse is meant of them, let him proue it, or bring the man to my face to whome I euer made any vnduetifull exposition of it, I am to be my own interpreter in this first case. I say in *Pierce Pennilesse* I haue set downe nothing but that which

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I haue had my president for, in forraine writers, nor had I the least allusion to any man set aboue mee in in degree, but onely glanc't at vice generallie.

The tale of the Beare and the Foxe, how euer it may set fooles heads a worke a ferre off, yet I had no concealed ende in it, but in the one, to describe the right nature of a bloudthirsty tyrant, whose indefinite appetite all the pleasures in the earth haue no powre to bound in goodnes, but he must seeke a new felicitie in varietie of cruelty, and destroying all other mens prosperitie; for the other, to figure an hypocrite: Let it be *Martin* if you will, or some old dog that bites sorer than hee, who secretlie goes and seduceth country Swaines.

Makes them beleue that that honny which their bees brought forth was poysonous and corrupt.

That they may buy honny cheaper than by being at such charges in keeping of bees.

That it is not necessary they should haue such stately houses or lie sucking at such pretious honnicombs.

If this (which is nothing else but to swim with the streame) be to tell tales as shrewdly as mother *Hubbard*, it shoulde seeme mother *Hubbard* is no great shrew, howeuer thou treading on her heeles so oft, shee may be tempted beyonde her ten commandments.

Alitle before this the foresaid fanaticall *Phobeter*, *geremumble*, *ixlerinwhisco*, or what you will, cald forth the biggest gunshot of my thundring tearmes steeped in *Aqua fortis* and gunpowder to come and trie them selues on his paper Target.

But that it is no credite *Galpagas* to discharge a Cannon gainst a lowse, thou shouldst not call in vaine, thou shouldst heare Tom a Lincolne roare
with

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with a witnes, woe worth the daie & the yeare when thou hearest him. I feare blast thee nowe but with the winde of my weapon. With the wast of my words, I lay wait all the feeble fortifications of thy wit. Shewe mee the Vniuersities hand and sea'e that thou art a Doctour sealed and deliuered in the presence of a whole Commensment, and Ile present thee with my whole artillerie store of eloquence.

A bots on thee for mee for a lumpish leaden heeld letter dawber, my stile with treading in thy clammie steps is growne as heauie gated, as if it were bound to an Aldermans pace, with the irons at Newgate cald the widows Almes.

Ere I was chained to thee thus by the necke, I was as light as the Poet *Accius*, who was so lowe and so slender that hee was faine to put lead into his shooes for feare the winde shoulde blowe him into another Countrie.

Those that catch Leopards set cups of wine before them; those that will winne liking and grace of the readers, must set before them continually that which shall cheare them, and reuiue them.

Gabriele, thou hast not done so, thou canst not doe so, therefore thy works neither haue, nor can any way hinder mee, nor benefit the Printer.

Euen in the packing vp of my booke a hot ague hath mee by the backe. Mangre sicknesse worst, a leane arme put out of the bed shall grind and pash euery crum of thy booke into pin-dust.

The next peece of seruice thou dost against *Pierres Pennilesse*, is the naming of him wofull *poueretto*; and pleasant supposing thou puldst him by the ragged sleeue: Then matchest thou thy selfe to *Ulissee*, and him to *Iruo*, *Irrita sunt has omnia*: it is a sleeuelesse ieast, I haue

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haue bestir'd thee already for it, it toucheth the body and not the minde. Besides I was neuer altogether *Peter Poveretto*, vtterly throwne downe, desperately seperated from all means of relieuing my selfe, since I knew how to seperate a k iauue from an honest man, or throw my cloake ouer my nose, when I salied by the Counters.

The ragged cognizance on the sleeue, I may say to thee, carried meate in the mouth when time was, doe not dispraise it yet, for it hath many high partakers.
Quæ sequuntur huiusmodi sunt.

Thou t'urnmoil'st thy *pia mater*, to proue base births better than the ofspring of many discents, because thou art a mushrumpel sprung vp in one night, a seely mouse begotten on a moulehill, that wou'dst fayne pearch thy selfe on the mountaines, when thy legges are too short to ouercome such a long iourney of glorie.

My margent note, *Meritis expendite causam*, thou wou'dst rather than any thing wrest to an enditment of arrogance, & so branch mee into thy tiptoe stocke. I cannot see how thou canst compasse it: For though I had them weigh the cause by deserts, yet I did not assume too much to my owne deserts, when I expostulated, why Coblers, Hostlers, and Carmen should be worth so much, and so much, and I a schoeller and a good-fellow a begger. How thou hast arrogated to thy selfe more than *Lucifer*, or any *Miles gloriosus* in the worlde would doe, I haue already noted at large in his due place and order. If thou bestowst any curtesie on mee, and I do not requite it, then call mee cut, and say I was brought vp at Hoggenorton where pigges play on the Organs.

Wert thou well acquainted with me, thou shouldst
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perceiue that I am very franke where I take, & send away none empty-handed that giue mee but halfe an ill worde.

It is a good signe of grace in thee, that thou confessest *thou hast offences enough of thy owne to answer, though thou beest not charged with thy Fathers.* Once in thy life thou speakest true yet, I beleue thee, and pittie thee. God make thee a good man, for thou hast beene a wilde youth hitherto.

Thy Hexameter verses, or thy hue and crie after *a person as cleare as Christall*, I do not so deeply commend, for al *Maister Spencer long since imbrast it with an ouer-louing sonnet.*

VVhy should friends dissemble one with another, they are very vgly and artlesse. You will neuer leaue your olde trickes of drawing *M. Spencer* into euerie pybald thing you do. If euer he praised thee, it was because he had pickt a fine vaine foole out of thee, and he wou'd keepe thee still a foote by flattring thee, til such time as he had brought thee into that extreame loue with thy selfe, that thou shouldst run mad with the conceit, and so be scorned of all men.

Yet yet *Gabriell*, are not weseet *non plus*, thy roister doisterdome hath not dasht vs out of countenance. If anie man use boistrous horse play, or bee beholding to *Carters Logique*, it is thy selfe; for with none but clownish and roynish ieafts dost thou rush vppon vs, and keepst such a *flurting and a flinging* in euerie lease, as if thou wert the onely realty iade in a country.

Skolding thou saiest is the language of shrewes, railing the stile of frakehels; what concludst thou from thence? Do I scold? do I raile?

Scolding & railing is loud miscalling and reuiling one another without wit, speaking euerie thing a man

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knows by his neighbour, though it bee neuer so contrary to all humanitie and good manners, and would make the standers by almost perbrake to heare it. Such is thy inuective against *Greene*, where thou talkest of his lowlines, his tustering, his beggerie, and the mother of *Inferinnatus* infamities. If I scold, if I raile, I do but *currationse insanire*, *Tully*, *Ouid*, all the olde Poets, *Agrippa*, *Arétine*, and the rest are all scolds and railers, and by thy conclusion flat ihrewes and rakehels: for I doe no more than their examples do warrant mee.

The intoxicate spirit of grisly Euridice, I can tolle ouer as lightly to thee, as thou hast putt it to mee. My hart is præoccupied with better spirits, which haue lefther no house-roume: thou hast no spirite as it should appeare by thy writing, intertaine her and the spirit of the buttery out of hand, or thou wilt be beaten hand-smooth out of Bucklars bury.

VVhen I parted with thy brother in *Pierce Peni-lesse*, I left him to be tormented wozld without ende of our Poets and wryters about London, for calling them piperly make-playes and makebates, not doubting butt they would vniue him to this issue, that he should be constrained to goe to the chiefe beame of his benefice, and there beginning a lamētable speech with *cur scripsi, cur perij*, ende with *Præsumptum praua decent, inuincit in concessa voluptas*, & so with a trice trusse vp his life in the string of his lance-bell. Now heere thou thankst God thou art not so vncharitably bent to put so much wit in a speech, like a Parson in Lancashire that kneeld down on his knees in a zealous passion, and very hartily thankte God he neuer knew what that vile Antichristian Romish Popish Latine meant. Did I exhort inke and paper to pray that they might not bee troubled

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with him any more? Inke and paper if they bee true Protestants will pray, that they may not be contaminated any more with such abomination of desolation, as the three brothers Apocripha pamphletting.

After all this foule weather ensueth a calme dilatement of others too forward harmefulnes, and thy owne backward irefulnesse; thats dispatcht, the court hath found it otherwise.

Then thou goest about to bribe mee to giue ouer this quarrell, and saist if I will holde my peace, thou wilt bestowe more complements of rare amplifications vpon mee, than euer thou bestowdst on Sir Philip Sidney, and gentle Maister Spencer.

Thou flatterst mee, and praigest mee.

To make mee a small seeming amendes for the iniuries thou hast done mee, thou reckonest mee vp amongst the deare louers and professed sonnes of the Muses, Edmund Spencer, Abraham France, Thomas Watson, Samuell Daniell.

*With a hundred blessings and many prayers thou in-
treatst mee to loue thee.*

Content thy selfe, I will not.

*Thou protestis it was not my person thou mislike (I am
afraide thou wilt make mee thy Ingle) but my fierce
running at Parson Richard, excusest mee by my youth, &
promisest to cancell thy impertinent Pamphlet.*

It were good hanging thee now thou art in such a good mind; yet for all this, a dogge will be a dogge, & returne to his vomit doe what a man can, thou must haue one squibbe more at the Deuils Orator, & his Dames Poet, or thy penne is not in cleane life. I will permit thee to say what thou wilt, *to underlie* (as thou desir'st) *the verdit of Fame hir selfe*, so I may lie aboue thee. LIE aboue thee, tell greater lies than thou dost

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no man is able.

Thus O heavenly Muse I thanke thee for thou hast giu'n mee the patience to trauel through the tedious wilderness of this Gomorian Epistle. Not *Hercules* when he cl:ansed the stables of *Ageas*, vnder-tooke such a stinking vnsauorie exploit. By thy assistaunce through a whole region of golden lanes haue I iourneied, & now am safely arriu'd at *not speedily dispatch but hastily bungled up as you see*. Graunt that all such slow dispatchers & hastie bunglers, may haue a long time of reproach to repent them in, and not come abroad to corrupt the aire, & impostumate mens ears with their pan-pudding prose any more. So bee it, say all English people after mee, that haue eares to heare or eyes to reade.

Feci, feci, feci, had I my health, now I had leysure to be merry, for I haue almost wash't my hands of the Doctour.

His own regenerate verses of *the iolly Fly, & Gibeline and Gwelf* some peraduenture may expect that I should answer. So I would if there were anie thing in them which I had not answerd before, but there is nothing; if there were, hauing driuen his sword to his head, I respect not what he can do with his dagger. Onely I will looke vpon the last Sonnet of M. *Spencers* to the right worshipfull Maister G. H. Doctour of the lawes: or it may so fall out that I will not looke vpon it too, because (*Gabriell*) though I vehemently suspect it to bee of thy owne doing, it is popt forth vnder M. *Spencers* name, and his name is able to sanctifie any thing though falsely ascribed to it.

The fourth letter of our Orators to the same fauorable or indifferent reader, was a letter which this many a long summers day I dare jeopard my maydenhead

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denhead had line hidden in his deske, for it is a shipmans hose that will serue any man as well as *Green* or mee.

To make short, in it as fortie times before, he brides it and simpers it out a crie, No forsooth God dild you hee wou'd not that hee would : None so desirous of quiet as hee good olde man, who with a pure intent of peace, first put fire to the flame that hath hedgde him in.

He hath preuented Maister *Bunnie* of the second part of his treatise of Pacification, for like some craftie ringleader of rebellion, when hee hath stirred vp a dangerous commotion, and findes by the too late examination of his forevnexaminde defects in himselfe, that so sweet a roote will hardlie effect correspondent fruits. strait in pollicie to get his pardon, hee strikes stile to that tempest of sedition, and is thrice as earnest in preaching pacification, obedience, and submission : so *Gabriel* when he hath stird vp against me what tumults he can in Stationers Shops, and left the quiver of his enuie not an arrow vndrawne out, hee finds by the audit of his ill consumed defects that he is not of force inough to hold out, wherefore in pollicie to auoid further arrearages of infamie hee tires the text of reconciliation out of breath, and hopeth by the intercession of *a cuppe of white wine and sugar, to be made friends with his fellow writers.*

It cannot choose but he must of necessitie be a verie sore fellow, that is so familiar with white wine & sugar, for white wine in a maner is good for nothing but to wash sores in, and smudge vp withered beauty with . Well for all hee would haue *Pierce* make no warres on him, he makes warres on *Pierce Pennilesse*, he bebggereth him again in this epistle verie bountifullie

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tifullie hee saies that Lordes must take heede how they Lord it in his presence.

That the Ass is the onelie Author he alleadgeth.

That Greene is an Ass in print, and he a calfe in print.

That they are both chiefe caines in licentiousnesse, and truth can saie the abhominable villanies of such base shifting companions, good for nothing but to cast away themselues, spoile their adherents, &c.

For my beggerie let that trauell the countries, I haue saide more for it than a richer man would haue done, but that I take vpon me to Lord it ouer great Lords thou art a most lewd tungd lurden to saie it.

Must they take heede how they Lord it in my presence, what must they doe then in thy presenee,

That sitting like a looker on

Of this worlds stage, dost note with critique pen,

Thy sharpe dislikes of each condition:

No fawnest for the fauour of the great,

No fearest foolish reprehension,

But freelic dost of what thee list intreate,

Like a great Lord of peerelesse libertie,

Lifting the good up to high honors seate,

And b'euill damning euermore to die,

For life and death is in thy doomefull writing.

Whereas thou saist the Ass in a manner is the onely Author I alleadge, I must know how you define an Ass before I can tell how to answere you; for *Cornelius Agrippa* maketh all the Philosophers, Oratours, and Poets that euer were Asses: and if so you vnderstand that I alleadge no Author but the Ass; for all Authors are Asses, why I am for you; if otherwise, thou art worse than a *Cumano* Ass to leape before thou lookst, and econdemne a man without cause.

What Authors dost thou alleadge in thy booke,

not

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not two, but any Grammer Scholler might haue al-
leadgd:

There is not three kernels of more than common
learning in all thy *Four Letters*. Common learning?
not common scale in some places.

Of force I must graunt that *Greene* came oftner in
print than men of iudgement allowed off, but neuer-
thelesse he was a daintie slaue to content the taile of
a Tearme, and stuffe Seruing mens pockets.

An Assc *Gabriel* it is harde thou shouldst name
him: for calling mee Calfe it breakes no square, but
if I bee a calfe it is in comparison of such an Oxe as
thy selfe.

*The chieftaines of licentiousnes, and truth can say
the abhominable villanies of such base shifting compani-
ons, good for nothing, &c.* I am of the mind wee shall
not disgelt this neither.

Answer me *succincte & expedite*, what one period
any way leaning to licentioulines, canst thou produce
in *Pierce Penniless*?

I talke of a great matter when I tell thee of a peri-
od, for I know two leuerall periods or full pointes in
this last epistle, at least fortie lines long a piece.

For the order of my life it is as ciuil as a ciuil orange,
I lurke in no corners but conuerie in a house of credit
as well gouerned as any Colledge, where there bee
more rare quallified men, and selected good Schollers
han in any Noble mans house that I knowe in Eng-
land.

If I had committed *such abhominable villanies, or
were a base shifting companion*, it stooode not with my
Lords honour to keepe me, but if thou hast saide it &
canst not proue it, what slanderous dishonor hast thou
done him, to giue it out that he keepe *the committers*
of

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of abominable villanies and base shifting companions,
when they are farre honeste than thy selfe.

If I were by thee I woulde plucke thee by the beard, and spit in thy face, but I would dare thee and vrge thee beyonde all excuse to disclose and prooue for thy heart bloud what villanie or base shifting by mee thou canst, I desie alle the worlde in that respect.

Because thou vsedst at Cambridge to shift for thy Friday at night suppers, and cosen poore victuallers and pie-wiues of Doctours cheese and puddinges, thou thinkst me one of the same religion too.

What *Greene* was, let some other answere for him as much as I haue done, I had no tuition ouer him, he might haue writ another *Galasao* of manners, for his mannerseuerie time I came in his companie, I saw no such base shifting or abominable villanie by him. Something there was which I haue heard not seene, that hee had not that regarde to his credite in which had beene requisite he should.

VVhat a *Calimunco* am I to plead for him, as though I were as neere him as his owne skinne. A thousande there be that haue more reason to speake in his behalfe than I, who since I first knew him about town haue beene two yeares together and not seene him.

But Ile doe as much for any man, especially for a deade man that cannot speake for himselfe. Let vs heare *how we are good for nothing but to cast awaie our selues, spoile our adherents, praise on our fauourers, dishonour our Patrons*. Haue I euer tooke any likelie course of casting away my selfe?

VVhom canst thou name that kept me company and reapt any discommoditie by mee, I can name diuers good Gentlemen *that haue beene my adherents*
and

Confuted.

and fauourers a long time. Let them report howe I haue spoilde them, or praid on them, or put them to one pennie detriment since I first consorted with the.

Haue an eie to the maine-chaunce, for no sooner shall they vnderstand what thou hast said by mee of them, but theyle goe neere to haue thee about the eares for this geare one after another.

My Patrons or anie that bind me to them by the least good turne, there is no man in England that is or shall (for my small power) bee more thankfull vnto than I. Neuer was I vnthankfull vnto any, no not to those of whome for deedes I receiued nothing but vnperformed deede promising words. It is an honor to be accusde and not conuinft.

One of these months I shall challenge martirdome to my selfe, and writ large stories of the persecution of tongues. Troth I am aslike to persecute as be persecuted. Let him take vp his Crosse and blesse himselfe that crosseth mee, for I will crosse shinnes with him though euerie sentence of his were a thousande tunnes of discourses, as *Gabriel* saith euerie sentence of his is a discourse. Quods, quods giue mee my Text pen againe, for I haue a little more Text to launce.

The secretaries of art and nature, if it were not for frivulous contentions, might bestead the commo-welsh with manie puissant engins. As for example, *Bacons* brazen nose, *Archimedes* wodden doue, dancing balls, fire breathing gourdes, artificiall flies to hang in the aire by themselves, an eggshell that shall run vp to the toppe of a speare.

Archimides made a heau'n of brasse, but we haue nothing to do with olde brasse and iron.

Appollonius Regimontanus did manie pretie iugling tricks, but wee had rather drinke out of a glasse

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than a Tugge, vse a little brittle wit of our owne, than borrow any mirac'e mettall of Deuils.

Amongst all other stratagems and puissant engins what say you to *Mates Pompe* in Cheape-side, to pompe ouer mutton and porridge into Fraunce: this colde weather our souldiors I can tell you haue need of it, and poore field mice they haue almost got the colicke and stone with eating of prouant.

Consider of it well, for it is better than all *Bacons, Architas, Archimedes, Appolonius or Regiomontanus* deuices: for *Gabriel* that professeth all these, with all their helpe cannot make the bias bowle at *Saffron Walden* run downe the hill, when it is throwne down with the hardest hand that may bee, but it will turne vp the hill againe in spite of a mans teeth, and that which is worst, giue no reason for it.

The Parrat and the Peacock haue lesiore to ranius & repolish their expired workes, you speake like a friend, wele listen to you when you haue repolished and expired your perfected degree. A Demy Doctor, what a shame is it?

Because your books doe call for a litle more drinke and a fewe more clothes when they are gone to bed, that is, when they lie dead, you thinke ours should do so too. No, no, we doe not vse to clappe a coat ouer a ierkin, or thrust any of the children of our braine into their mothers wombe againe, & beget them a new after they are once borne. If it bee a horne booke at his first conception, let it be a horne booke still, and turne not cat in the panne, conuert the Pater noster to a Primer, when it hath begd it selfe out at the el-bowes vp and downe the cuntry.

Thou didst thou knewst not what in eeking this thy short-waisted Pamphlet, i wis as thou saist of thy selfe

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selfe, Thou art an oldtrewant, fitter to plaie the dumbe dogge with some antients, than the hissing snake.

VVhobe those antient dumbe dogs? we shal haue you a Martinist when all comes to all, because you cannot thrue with the Ciuill Law, and that you may marry her for any thing you are a kindred to her, therefore you wil compare *Whitegift and Cartwright*, white and blacke together, name the highest gouernours of the Church without giuing them anie reuerence or titles of honour, imbrace anie religion which will be euen with the profession that fauors not you.

There is no baile or maineprise for it, but wee must haue you in the first peeping forth of the spring, preaching out of a Pulpit in the woods: you haue put on wolues raiment already, seduced manie simple people vnder the habit of a sheepe in *Wolfs* print. If you protest & lie any more, it is not your ending here like a sermon, that will make you bee reputed for a saint.

Readers, a decaided student lately shipwrackt with *Si uales bene est*, hauing foure Lightors of Letters, cleane cast away on the rocks called the Bishop & his Clarks, desires you all to pray for him, and he will commend you all to God in the next sermon he peneth for his brother *Richard*.

He hath a mind to pay euery man his owne, though hee hath sustained great losse in fight, *that which he cannot effect he beseecheth the Lord to accomplish, and euen to worke a miracle vpon the deafe.*

Lord if it be thy will, let him be an Assc still. Gentlemen, I haue no more to say to the Doctor, dispose of the victorie as you please, shortly I will present you with some thing that shal be better than nothing, onely giue mee a gentle hire for my durtie day labor, and I am your bounden Orator for euer.

Sonetto.

Were there no warres, poore men should haue no peace,
Vncertain warres with wailes and dreaues I crie
Hee that begins, oft knows not how to cease,
They haue begun, Ile follow till I die.

Ile haue no truce, wrong gets no graue in mee,
Abuse pell mell encounter with abuse:
Write hee againe, Ile write eternally.

Who feedes reuenge hath found an endlesse Mule,

If death ere made his blacke dart of a pen,

My penne his speciall Baile shall becom:

Somewhat Ile be reputed of amongst men,

By striking of this duns or dead or dum,

Awaite the world the Tragedy of wrath,

What next I paint shall tread no common path;

AN INIUNCTIO TENTES ANE PERFECTA.

Tho. Nashe.

Obseruations for the Readers of this booke.

Item wharsoeuer for the most part is here in this booke
in change of letter, is our aduersaries alone Text, and
hatted words, either in this his corrected Foure Letters, or
some other such treatise, set forth by him heretofore.

That I am twisled and bitterly diuorced from
stone invention, & constrained still still, before I am twasled
in any one haine, to start away sobainely, and follow him in
his vanitie.

Finally, I inters haue many fallacies which are thus
to bee braynen by.

In the second page of C. for Babouns babines, read Baboune his brother.
In the 7. for allegorized & Abdias, read allegorized Abdias. in the 8. for
set hand, read set his hand. in the 9. for becomen, read becomen. in the 10. of
D. for Liur post quiescent, read Liur post quiescent. in the 11. for plaine
of Doctourship, read plaine or dawning of Doctourship. in the 12. for
inseles inckehorne worne, read inseles incke worne. in the 13. of E. for
Assin present, read Assin in present. in the 14. for bestow vpon, read bestow
vpon him. in the 15. for effit, read efficacie. in the 16. of F. for vertuous Syr
Iohn Norre, read vertuous Syr Iohn Norre. in the 17. page of H. for I
introduce a discontented Scholler, read I introduce a discontented Scholler. in
the 18. for His assertion, read His assertion. in the 19. of I. for verie companie,
read verie timpanie. at the 20. page of K. for in this full case, read in this
case.

FINIS.

1220

1220

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